July 3, 1957

Incorporating the Australian Home Budget.

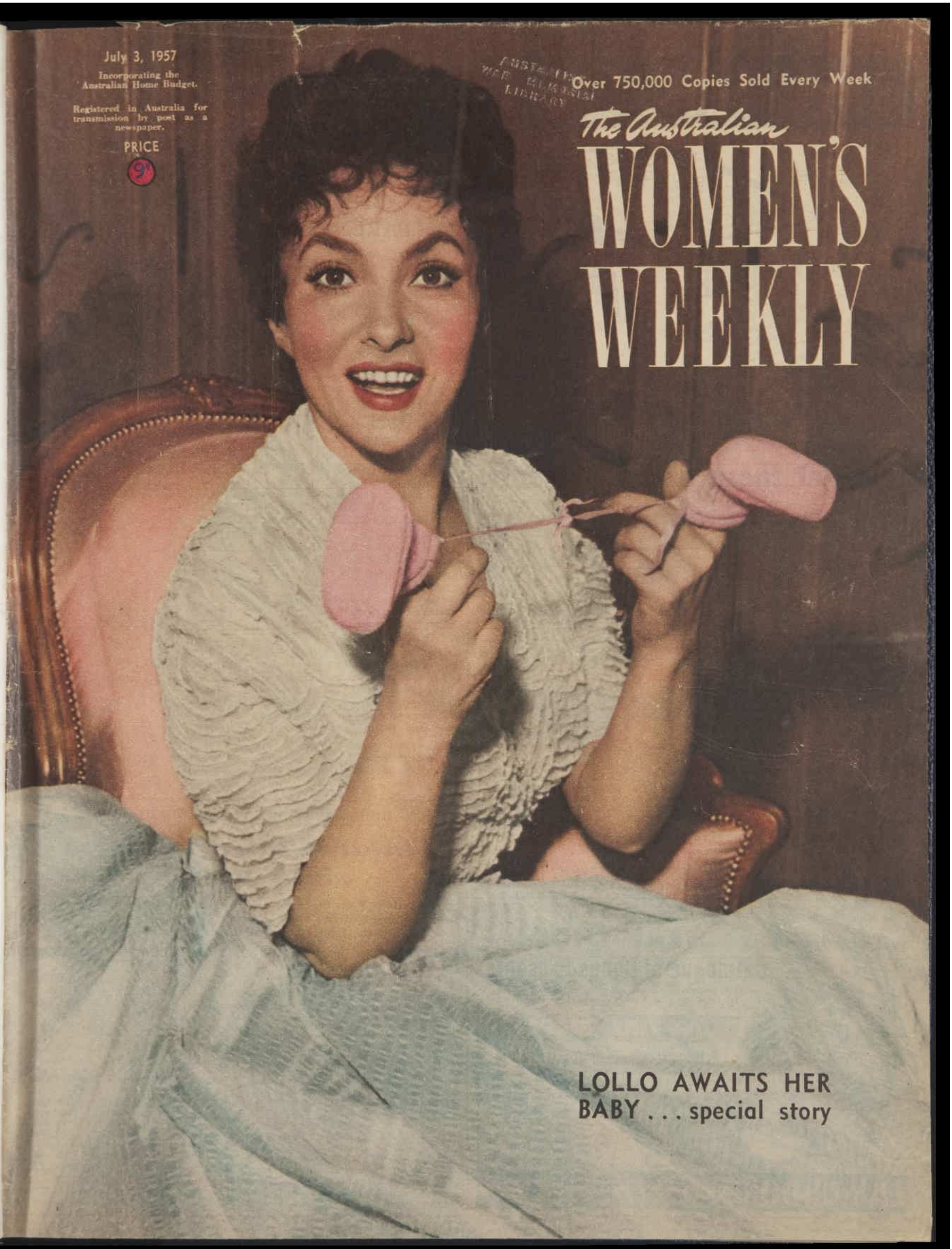
Registered in Australia for transmission by post as a newspaper.

PRICE 9d

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL LIBRARY

Over 750,000 Copies Sold Every Week

The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY



LOLLO AWAITS HER BABY . . . special story

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4924291

SAVE THIS LABEL



and get these useful presents.



BONUS PRESENT No. 166
for 36 ½-lb. labels
One MIXING BOWL, lipped. Heavy moulded clear glass, size 9½".



BONUS PRESENT No. 355
for 36 ½-lb. labels
Two pairs "GARNITE" plastic SALT and PEPPER SHAKERS. Large size (4" high) contrasting contemporary colours.



BONUS PRESENT No. 58
for 48 ½-lb. labels
One "ACTIL" PILLOW-CASE. Size 20 x 30 inches. Guaranteed quality.



BONUS PRESENT No. 261
for 48 ½-lb. labels
One "STRONG-LITE" Aluminium LIPPED SAUCE-PAN. Green or red handle. Size 5".



BONUS PRESENT No. 178
for 50 ½-lb. labels
Three "CROWN DUCAL" English OATMEAL BOWLS, cream body, fluted edge.



BONUS PRESENT No. 7
for 72 ½-lb. labels
One "GROSVENOR" stainless steel, serrated edge, grained xylonite handle BREAD KNIFE.

There are nearly 400 presents to choose from.

You are invited to visit our showrooms in SYDNEY at 364-372 Kent Street (near Market Street) . . . in NEWCASTLE at Cnr. King and Darby Streets . . . in MELBOURNE, 452-460 Flinders Street (between King and William Streets). From the great variety of presents on display, we feel sure you will be able to make a suitable selection.

SEND NOW for your copy of the LAN-CHOO
Catalogue of Bonus Presents



This beautiful catalogue comprises 36 pages and fully illustrates in colour a great variety of useful presents.

USE THIS COUPON

THE LAN-CHOO TEA CO.
*** 364-372 Kent Street, Sydney, N.S.W.**
*** 452-460 Flinders Street, Melbourne, Vic.**
*(*Strike out address which does not apply.)*

Please send me a copy of the LAN-CHOO Catalogue of Bonus Presents.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

A.W.W. 3.7.

LAN-CHOO *Ceylon's Choicest Tea*

The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

HEAD OFFICE: 168 Castlereagh St., Sydney. Letters: Box 4088WW, G.P.O.
MELBOURNE OFFICE: Newspaper House, 247 Collins St., Melbourne. Letters: Box 185C, G.P.O.
BRISBANE OFFICE: 81 Elizabeth St., Brisbane. Letters: Box 409P, G.P.O.
ADELAIDE OFFICE: 24-26 Halifax St., Adelaide. Letters: Box 384A, G.P.O.
PERTH OFFICE: 34 Stirling St., Perth. Letters: Box 491G, G.P.O.
TASMANIA: Letters to Sydney address.

JULY 3, 1957 — Vol. 25, No. 4

A WARNING TO PARENTS

THE experience at Fairfield, Sydney, where one child has died of diphtheria and four others are in hospital with the disease, is a warning to all parents, and particularly New Australians.

These five children were New Australian students at a public school, but—and this is the point—none of them had been immunised.

Thanks to highly successful immunisation campaigns deaths from diphtheria are rare in Australia today, but this killer disease can be wiped out completely only if all parents co-operate by making sure their children are protected.

That all Fairfield victims were newcomers strongly suggests that language problems or ignorance or fear of an unfamiliar practice or perhaps a combination of them all were the basis for this parental laxity which endangers the health and life of others.

But if this is true, and as immunisation is not compulsory, surely both Health and Immigration authorities have an added responsibility to make certain that all New Australians know that safe, simple, and certain protection is available to their children.

No New Australian should be allowed to land from ship or plane without having received instruction about immunisation, and every effort should be made, through schools, organisations, and government departments concerned, to spread the word among the new people who already number one in 10 of the population.

Unless this is done there will be dangerous points in our defences against diphtheria which other Fairfields could penetrate.

Our cover

● Italian film star Gina Lollobrigida shows the bootees she has ready for the baby she expects this month. She wants a girl, and has chosen pink. The picture was taken at her home in Rome. See story on page 4.

CONTENTS

FICTION
The Scapegoat (Serial, Part 1), *Daphne du Maurier* 16, 17
The House of Dreams, *Mary Moore* 18
A Small Tiara, *Dee Ralfs* . . . 19
Practically Married, *Hannibal Coons* 20, 21

SPECIAL FEATURES
Tennis Fashions at Wimbledon . . 7
Our Irish Fashion Parades . . . 8, 9
These Are Australian 11
The Royal Children, Part 3 . . . 27

FASHION
For Winter-into-Spring 23
Dress Sense, *Betty Keep* 30
Fashion Frocks 45
Patterns 53

FILMS
Dana Wilson 33
Tracy and Hepburn 34, 35
Film Preview 36
Reviews 47

HOMEMAKING
Edible Table Centres (color) 28, 29
Cookery in Color . . 49
Gardening . 43
Architect's Diary . . 50
Prize Recipes 52

REGULAR FEATURES
Readers' Letters . . 10
Ross Campbell TV Parade, *Nan Musgrove* . . 12
Social . . 13
It Seems To Me, *Dorothy Drain* . . 15
Worth Reporting . . . 24
Strange but True . . . 24
Here's Your Answer . 25
Stars . . . 31
Sweet and Sour 39
Transfers . . 40
Mandrake . 54
Teena . . 55
Crossword . 55

BOOK REVIEW by HELEN FRIZELL

Children's stories from sixty nations

● In "Ride With the Sun," a collection of folk-tales and stories from countries of the United Nations, Australia is represented by the fable of "The Iguana's Poison Bag."

MATERIAL for this story about Ooyu-bului the snake and Mungoon-gali the iguana was contributed by anthropologist Professor A. P. Elkin, of Sydney.

Profits from this anthology, edited by Harold Courlander for the United Nations' Women's Guild, will go to "the world's needy children," to whom the book is dedicated. It will be on sale in Australia soon at 22/6.

One representative story was selected from each of 60 countries of the United Nations by their delegations.

The titles are exotic. They include "The Turtle and the Monkey Share a Tree" (Philippines), "The Magic Sandals of Hualachi" (Peru), "Don't Throw Stones from Not Yours to Yours" (Israel), "The Snake and the Dreams" (U.S.S.R.), "Paul Bunyan's Cornstalk" (U.S.A.), and "King John and the Abbot of Canterbury" (U.K.).

Though some of the fables are in the "tall story" tradition, most are told in the fairy-tale manner. The proud are vanquished by the humble, a sheaf of wheat is more precious than gold, the mean and greedy lose to the generous and hard-working, there is justice and mercy for the good.

The moralising in these stories does not prevent them from being gay, imaginative, and ideal reading for children. They're short, too, and that counts in parents' eyes.

Dip into the book at random. Take Norway's contribution, "The Contrary Wife," and read about the woman who always argued; find out from Thailand "Why the Parrot Repeats Man's Words"; or see what happened to "The Stork Caliph" in Irak, the peasant in Poland, the coyote in Mexico, and the Kakui bird in the Argentine.

This is an ideal anthology for any child, and many parents will find themselves reading it for pleasure, too, finding in the fables graceful writing and true wisdom for any age, the past, present, or the years to come.

Copy from the publishers, Edmund Ward.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4924292



Twin sons for "Doll" parents

Adam (left) and Martin, twin sons of Mr. and Mrs. Ray Lawler, photographed with their mother in their blue-and-cream nursery in the Lawlers' rented home in South Kensington, London. The boys, born a month prematurely as their father's play "The Summer of the Seventeenth Doll" was being acclaimed a smash-hit in London, are so much alike both parents have trouble identifying them. At their birth in a luxury nursing home, where their mother had the same room as French film star Leslie Caron, they each weighed 4lb., and have gained weight consistently. For their month-old "birthday," Dame Edith Evans gave the boys miniature gold identity discs, presents appreciated by their father and mother, the former Jacklyn Kelleher, of Brisbane.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4924293

KEEP YOUR HAIR

Shining, silken-soft and lovely!



RICHARD HUDNUT

egg creme shampoo

CLEANS YOUR HAIR LIKE MAGIC!

Soapless!

Concentrated!

You'll be delighted with the new beauty Egg Creme Shampoo brings to your hair . . . hidden subtleties of tone . . . lustrous sheen alluringly revealed . . . and so easily, quickly, simply by the almost magical action of the egg formula which makes this shampoo the most sought-after by the well-groomed. Richard Hudnut Egg Creme Shampoo cleans your hair like magic—yet it's gentle, non-drying. It leaves no dulling "soapy" film and it keeps your hair shining clean.



TRY A 1/3 BUBBLE

. . . then buy the

ECONOMICAL BOTTLES

5/6 and 9/6

And Egg Creme Shampoo is concentrated—costs no more to use than ordinary shampoo.

Creation of Richard Hudnut

ECS2.102

Are you WORRYING your life away?

If you are always tense and anxious, if you're "on edge" and lack confidence, your nerves need Sanatogen.

Constant worrying and tiredness, broken sleep, irritability are signs of nervous stress: signs that your body and nerve cells need extra nourishment.

Sanatogen provides essential nerve nourishment because Sanatogen is a PROTEIN nerve tonic. You'll find that a course of Sanatogen will help you to relax, to sleep soundly and feel unworried in daily life.

Sanatogen is not a drug or sedative. It is a nerve-nutrient of lasting value—a tonic recommended by doctors the world over and sold by all chemists.

Sanatogen THE PROTEIN NERVE TONIC



GINA checks a bud on a rose trellis in the Skofic garden, which has been planted with thousands of pounds' worth of trees and flowers.

Stars favor star's baby

● "My baby will be wilful, healthy, lucky in love, and successful in business," is the forecast of Italian film star Gina Lollobrigida, who is expecting her first child late this month.



PENSIVE Gina rests on the shoulder of her husband, who gave up his medical practice to manage her film and business interests. They have been married eight years.

By BILL STRUTTON, of our London staff

THE glamorous 30-year-old actress bases her belief on the baby's birth under the sign of Leo the lion, which rules from July 23 to August 22.

Gina, who has been married eight years to handsome Dr. Milko Skofic, wants a daughter, and has knitted bonnets and bootees in pink wool.

"I think Milko would like a girl, too, that is until she is fifteen," she said. "After that, a man usually likes to have a son.

"If the baby is a boy, I want to call him Milko after his father, but Italian law won't let me. So I'll probably call him Mirko."

Everything in the Skofics' grandiose villa on Rome's Appian Way is ready for the baby. In fact, if Gina had centuplets, the resources of the household would not be unduly strained.

Gifts from all over the world have poured into the house with each mail. One of the cradles awaiting the baby is a magnificent Rennaissance affair in dazzling brasswork, the gift of a Neapolitan daily newspaper.

Since she knew of her pregnancy, Gina has renounced almost all contact with the film world.

Where once she had to read numbers of stories and scenarios each day, she has been devouring books on baby care.

Her doctor husband said fondly: "Gina knows more about child-raising than an expert pediatrician."

Although Milko once said that pictures taken of Gina exercising were "purely publicity," she has since got down to a twice-daily routine of prenatal exercises on a priceless Persian rug that stretches over part of the floor of their magnificent lounge.

Meanwhile, armed guards patrol the grounds of the villa against intruders and visitors.

Not long ago an escaped lunatic scaled the walls, eluded the Alsatian dogs and guards, and was found on the roof. He was dragged away protesting: "I want to spend a night in the house of Gina Lollobrigida."

The mansion, with its Venetian chandeliers, gold lounges, priceless paintings, and vast grounds, stands so far back from the heavy iron gates that callers cannot be seen from its windows.

They are obliged to announce who they are through a microphone at the entrance. If they are admitted, servants watch their progress to the house.

Dr. Skofic said: "Somebody is always trying to look in or break in. They even use cameras with telescopes."

"I am not having hypnosis for the birth of the child," said Gina. "It will be a natural birth—no drugs, but no pain.

"Now, of course, I am always hungry, and I have never been one for strict dieting."

Despite this, Gina's figure has remained shapely and she wears wonderful clothes.

Now that arrangements for the baby are complete, she is thinking again to days ahead.

"I think being a mother is the most important thing a woman can be," she said.

"Being a film star is not important and it is empty, but I have contracts."

Recently Gina and Milko made a leisurely visit to the island of Ischia, neighboring Capri, to read the final script of "Imperial Venus."

The film will narrate the life of Pauline Bonaparte, the beautiful and tempestuous sister of Napoleon, and, beginning in January, will be shot in Corsica, France, and Elba.

Gina was overjoyed when she read the script.

"It is the most fascinating, the most completely satisfying role of my career," she said.

Now, for the first time in her life, the gentle, cordial Gina is shunning journalists and photographers, giving them the slip as she and her husband leave their mansion.

She said firmly, "I am not saying to what nursing home I shall be going. I want my child to be born in complete tranquillity. Life is going to be hectic enough for the child, anyway."

Gina's husband, who gave up his practice to manage her career, had the final word. To Gina he said: "You will be the most beautiful mother in the world."



MOTHER-TO-BE Gina Lollobrigida and her husband, Dr. Milko Skofic, relax in the sunshine in the beautiful garden of their luxury villa on Rome's Appian Way. Armed guards and dogs patrol the villa grounds to keep out intruders.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4924294

Daphne is 'Deb of the Year'



THE FAIRBANKS FAMILY (above) on the verandah which overlooks the garden of their house in Kensington, London. From left: Douglas Fairbanks, jun., his wife, Mary Lee, and daughters Melissa (10), Victoria (14½), and Daphne (17).

Douglas Fairbanks' daughter wins most wanted title of London's social season

Dark-eyed Daphne Fairbanks, 17-year-old daughter of American film and TV star Douglas Fairbanks, jun., is London's debutante of the year. The Queen and Prince Philip made her this when they attended her coming-out dance last week.

THE dance, given at Cliveden, in Buckinghamshire, the country home of Lord and Lady Astor, was one of the most social occasions in Britain since the war.

The 500 guests, old and young British aristocrats, were a brilliant gathering.

Daphne is the eldest of the Fairbanks family of three daughters. Her sisters are Victoria, 14½, and Melissa, 10.

Daphne has had a typical British socialite upbringing, as befits the daughter of an American who is said to be more British than the British, and who was personally invited to the Coronation by the Queen.

Her background is sophistication-plus.

"Young Doug," as Hollywood used to call him, was taken to Paris by his mother when she divorced his father, the famous silent-screen star.

He already was a cosmopolite at the age of 13, when he returned to Hollywood to stay with his father and stepmother, Mary Pickford. At 19 he married film star Joan Crawford; they were divorced four years later.

In 1939 he married Mary Lee Hartford, vivacious, brunette ex-wife of playboy G. Huntingdon Hartford, a grocery millionaire.

After earning a chestful of medals for gallantry in World War II, Douglas Fairbanks settled with his wife and family in London, where, for years, he was acclaimed unofficial U.S. Ambassador.

Knighted by King George VI in 1949, he settled in Kensington at 28 The Boltons ("bargain, old boy—£12,500 from the Duke of Leeds"), a three-storied house now staffed by eight servants.

In 1952 the Queen, the Duke, and Princess Margaret dined with the Fairbanks' at The Boltons. The party was supposed to be private, but mobs of people gathered outside to see the Royal visitors.

It was said the Queen was displeased and that it took the Duke's intervention to smooth things over.

Mayfair gossips are already indulging in high-flown speculation about Daphne's marriage. Her name has not yet been linked with anyone's, but all gossips agree that her bridegroom would be one of Britain's aristocrats.

They say, too, that she has the charm, poise, and intelligence to create her own brilliant social circle, as her father did.

BELOW: Debutante Daphne in pale blue satin and net.





ON THE STEPS of 28 The Boltons, which overlooks a tree-lined crescent, and is "guarded" by two carved stone fox statuettes. Fairbanks has long deserted films for television, which, he says, is the quickest way to make money.



PANELLED DOORWAY to the sitting-room. Douglas Fairbanks, now 47, has an English accent, but his wife, a Southerner, still has an American accent. An honorary K.B.E., he doesn't use his "Sir," but retains the "jun."

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4924295



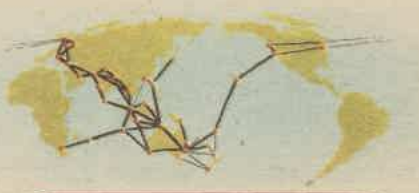


The world is yours when you fly with Qantas

Qantas, one of the world's really great international airlines, serves five continents and twenty-six countries with over 60,000 miles of unduplicated routes. Experienced travellers tell us that Qantas gives them not only all the luxuries, comforts, and amenities that they would normally expect, but also an extra degree of service and a warm Australian hospitality that make a flight with Qantas a pleasure to remember.

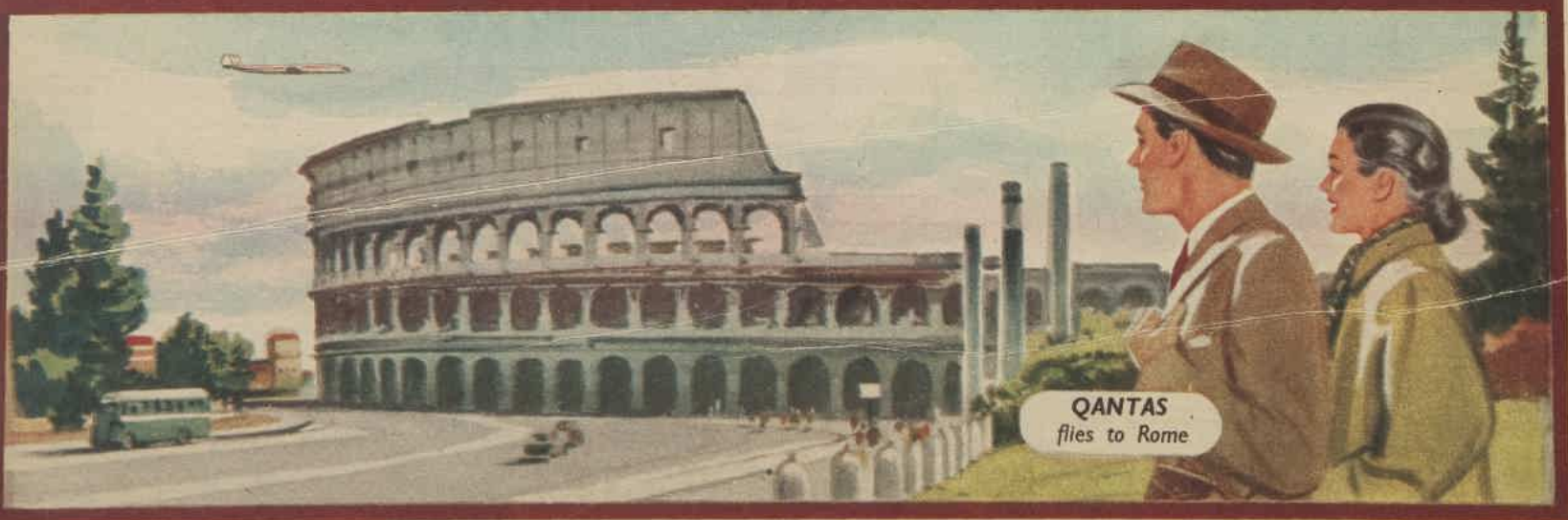
Ask your Travel Agent about Qantas — its facilities, its service, and its magnificent Super-G Constellation airliners. Find out how you can fly Sky Tourist around the world, in a week or a year.

QANTAS EMPIRE AIRWAYS LIMITED IN ASSOCIATION WITH B.O.A.C. AND TEAL.



QANTAS

AUSTRALIA'S OVERSEAS AIRLINE



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4924296

For Wimbledon—the fluid line

By MARY HAWTON, member of Australia's Wimbledon team

● Whatever the names in the record books, Wimbledon, 1957, will be remembered by women players as the year of the fluid line, the creation of Teddy Tinling, the Dior of tennis fashions.

THE line—a soft draped look in soft materials—is feminine and flattering, pleasing players and spectators, who will include Queen Elizabeth, attending the finals for the first time in her reign.

Tinling, who stunned Wimbledon with the lace panties he designed for "Gorgeous" Gussie Moran, follows Paris fashion trends. The crisp look is out in Paris; his fluid line takes it out of Wimbledon.

With the Maureen Connolly era over, and 1956 singles title-holder Shirley Fry not competing, outstanding personalities this year are Althea Gibson, American colored player, who is a hot favorite at 2 to 1 on; Shirley Bloomer, the English girl who did so well in Europe; Louise



Mary Hawton.

Brough, already four times singles champion; Darlene Hard, of the sparkling temperament; our own Thelma Long, and Dotty Knode (U.S.A.).

As they are mature women, the accent on teenage clothes is out. For them Teddy has created lovely frocks of silk jersey which suit the taller figures and are extremely feminine.

In place of the famous panties, Teddy has designed shorts tailored in stretch nylon.

For warmth he has windcheaters of soft snow-white gabardine, with colored collars and cuffs and zipper fronts.

These are washable, with monograms embroidered in the same colors as the collars and cuffs.



HANDSOME young Australian Ashley Cooper, the "pin-up" of all the girls competing at Wimbledon.

Dior parade

ON our European tour Jenny Hoad and I were thrilled to be invited to a Dior fashion parade in Paris.

We had been looking forward to meeting this famous man, but he had left for the country the day before to meditate on his new collection.

The dresses we saw were for spring and early summer and would be next year's releases in Australia.

For day wear, there were soft draped nylon and chiffon designs, and many straight dresses with matching jackets. Every straight skirt had new pleat treatment just at the hemline. There the skirt was split, with a separate piece underneath so as not to show the leg when walking.

Some of these little splits were at the front and back, others at the side, but all had the same underpiece.

For evening wear, it was chiffon for soft styles and wonderful silk shantung, which stood out like taffeta in glorious colors from palest aqua to emerald-green.

From the moment we stepped off the plane in London we were surrounded by reporters and photographers.

While Wimbledon is not officially the world championships, all players regard it as such, and it is not surprising, because the man who takes the singles title is the crowned king of tennis.

Now let's look at the new players. Before the start of The Championships, some English tennis writers ran a Gallup Poll to choose "Miss Wimbledon, 1957."

Well in the running is Karol Fageros, the tall blonde from California (U.S.A.), whose appearance and clothes make her the centre of attraction.

There are two little Mexican girls, Yolandi Ramirez and Rosa Maria Reyes, who smile all the time, come victory or defeat. They wear their very long black hair ribboned in red and look most attractive on the court.

They are fine players and frequently call to each other, praising or scolding in a flow of Spanish.

"Pin-up" boy of all the girls is tall, dark, and handsome Ashley Cooper. I have been asked dozens of times if he has any "attachments" in Australia.

He has a rival this year in Peruvian Alex Olmedo, whose flashing near-black eyes may take some of the Australian's fans from him.



ATTRACTIVE NEWCOMERS at Wimbledon are Mexicans Yolandi Ramirez (left) and Rosa Maria Reyes, shown at lunch with Australia's Mervyn Rose. At back is Lewis Hoad, 1956 singles winner, who again will make a strong bid for the title.

Not engaged

ALTHEA GIBSON, who was reported to be planning to announce her engagement on her return to America, tells me that this is not so. She has set her heart on the singles title and does not want any distractions at the moment.

Shirley Bloomer, winner of the British Hardcourt, Italian, Wiesbaden (Germany), and French titles, will be England's main contender. However, her defeat by vivacious blond Darlene Hard, of California, at Beckenham, makes Wimbledon look more formidable for her.

Australia will be represented by Thelma Long, Daphne (Seeney) Fancutt, Marg Hellyer, and myself.

For Marg and me, this is our first Wimbledon, and what a thrill it is! We miss Fay Muller, who with Daph Fancutt reached the doubles final in 1956.

We Australian girls have one desire—to reach the final of the women's doubles or be a partner in the mixed doubles.



AMERICA'S Althea Gibson, who has her heart set on the women's singles title.

Lucky indeed will be the winners and runners-up in the finals — they will meet the Queen.

But even those who are not presented will see the Queen and the Duchess of Kent, a keen Wimbledon spectator, who is at the courts every day and hurries her afternoon tea so that she will miss as little as possible of play.

Most talked-about question at Wimbledon this year is: Could this be Lew Hoad's last? Will he turn professional?

If he does win the singles for the second year in succession, he will be accomplishing something nobody else has done since World War II. But Lew is never governed by rules that cover the ordinary player.

He has had a most tempting offer from Jack Kramer, who is most keen to get the Australian for his professional circuit. Nobody really knows what is in Hoad's mind, but if he does win the singles again, who will deny his right to do as he pleases?

Our big Fiction Contest

● Scores of entries already have been received for The Australian Women's Weekly Fiction Contest, for which prize-money totalling £500 is offered.

THE contest is being held in conjunction with the short-story section of the International Correspondence Schools to celebrate their 60th birthday in Australia.

It closes on August 5, 1957, and in the big prize-list is a wonderful opportunity for an amateur writer to win £100.

This £100 will be awarded to the best story by an author who has never had any work published. Such competitors should take particular care that their entry is clearly marked "Unpublished."

The £100 prize can be in addition to any other prize won in the contest.

All stories, which must be original and not previously published, should be between 3000 and 5000 words. It is useless to submit stories of only a few hundred words or even 1000 or 2000 words.

Since the contest was announced, a number of competitors have made inquiries about details. Here are the answers to their questions:

● Typewritten manuscripts are preferred, but a handwritten manuscript will receive the same consideration as a typewritten one. Writing must be legible and clear, on one side of the paper only, and well spaced.

● The Australian Women's Weekly retains first Australian publication rights to prize-winning stories. The paper also requires that until the stories have appeared in The Australian Women's Weekly they may not be offered for reading or dramatisation on radio or television in Australia.

They can be offered for overseas publication after publication here; they can be offered for film rights at any time.

These conditions also apply to any other stories submitted in the contest and purchased by The Australian Women's Weekly.

Some competitors have asked if stories can be based on true-life experiences.

A condition of acceptance of all stories for The Australian Women's Weekly is that all characters are fictitious and have no reference to any living persons.

One reader asked rather timidly if the contest was open to "male writers."

It certainly is. It's open to all Australians, male or female, young or old. It is open also to residents of New Zealand, New Guinea, and all Australian territories.

PRIZES and CONDITIONS

● £50 each will be awarded for the six best short stories.
● £100 will be awarded for the best story by an author who has never had any of his writings published.
● £100 will be awarded to the story voted best by our readers.
● £85 in cash prizes will be given for the three best fifty-word comments entitled "Why I Voted For This Story" sent in by readers after the publication of the six best short stories.

Entries will close on August 5, 1957. Stories should be between 3000 and 5000 words, and must be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope for the return of manuscript. Each story should bear the author's name and address on each page. Stories must be original and not previously published.

Entries by competitors who have never had any of their writings published should be marked "Unpublished."

Mss. should be addressed "Short Story Contest," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

First Australian publication rights of the prize-winning stories will be retained by The Australian Women's Weekly. The paper also reserves the right to buy six stories, other than the prize-winners, at £25 each, and any others at the usual rate of payment under the same conditions.

The judges will be the Editor, the Fiction Editor, and Fiction Department staff of The Australian Women's Weekly. No correspondence will be entered into concerning the awards.

The contest is open to residents of Australia, New Zealand, New Guinea, and all Australian territories.

Employees of the International Correspondence Schools and of Australian Consolidated Press Ltd. and its associated companies and employees' families are not eligible to enter.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4924297

OUR IRISH PARADES

SYBIL CONNOLLY STARS AUSTRALIAN FABRICS



● *Outstanding Australian fabrics are used superbly by Irish designer Sybil Connolly in the five models on this page. The clothes are part of a special collection Miss Connolly is personally bringing to Australia for our Irish Fashion Parades next month. Sybil Connolly considers the Australian fabrics have added interest and stimulation to her collection.*





● *Heather Jeffrey (above), one of the four models coming to Australia with the collection, wears a suit made in gabardine from Yarra Falls Mills.*

● *Dazzling ball-gown (left) of cerise red satin by Prestige Ltd. has a full-length skirt and bodice of gossamer - pleated black Irish linen.*



● *Irish model Maura Boylan in a casual daytime dress (above) made of cotton-striped honey jersey from Janilaine. Inspiration for the silhouette came from a monk's habit. The dress is worn with a chic kerchief hat matched to the silk organza sash.*

● *Nola Rose wears this elegant afternoon dress made in fine crepe wool from Classweave. The fitted bodice has a high-in-front neckline which dips low at the back. The pegtop skirt tapers narrowly to the hem.*



● *Summer evening dress (above) made in a cotton print from Silk and Textile Printers Ltd. The dress is strapless and has a matching, close-fitting, sleeveless jacket finished with a giant collar faced with fine white cambric, which folds into a deep V at back.*

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4924298



● *Irish linen, gossamer-pleated, is chosen by Sybil Connolly for this formal gown which is typical of the superb craftsmanship of this internationally famous designer.*

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4924299

How to Make WONDERFUL Creamed Coffee



Just put a teaspoonful of Nescafé Instant Coffee into the cup and pour in very hot water. Add a little Ideal Evaporated Milk and sugar to taste. Result: The smoothest, most delicious cup of creamed coffee you've ever tasted.

Decaffeinated **NESCAFÉ**

For those who are caffeine sensitive

"Drink it to your heart's content"

NESCAFÉ INSTANT COFFEE

BAU-57

Your favourite Knitwear created by Finlaw



Curlon, the new All-Year-Round wonder fabric made by Finlaw Mills is guaranteed. **Curlon never shrinks, stretches or loses shape.**

Curlon

Beware of imitations

Ask for Curlon, spelt C-U-R-L-O-N, in glorious new styles and colours

Created by FINLAW MILLS of Melbourne

Letters from our Readers

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every other letter published on this page. Letters must be the writers' original work and not previously published. Preference will be given to letters signed for publication.

WEEK'S BEST LETTER

THERE seems to be an alarming increase in the number of fires occurring in private homes, and, while causes are uncertain, reference is often made to faulty wiring or short circuits. I think State electricity authorities should make compulsory check-ups on all homes and buildings more than 10 years old, and repeat these check-ups at regular intervals. Even if they charged a moderate fee, I imagine most householders would be happy to co-operate. This might save much future heartache, and perhaps even some lives.

£1/1/- to Mrs. H. Taylor, 27 Wright St., Essendon, Vic.

WHAT a nice idea it would be if hospital visitors made a small donation towards the patient's account instead of taking flowers, fruit, and such gifts. For various reasons, the usual offerings are not always in the patient's best interests, and the wonderful surprise they would get with these donations could act as the best tonic in the world, particularly for pensioners and people on low incomes.

10/6 to Mrs. P. Dickson, "Coppelia," Caldarra Ave., Engadine, N.S.W.

NO one ever asks what age was the first Eve, and that's as it should be with her descendants. It annoys me that people are always asking women's ages, as it's such a senseless question. As long as women like Margot Fonteyn, Judith Anderson, and Sybil Thorndike can enrich the world with their art, what does it matter how old they are? The only important thing about age is what it does to the heart. If it brings bitterness, pettiness, or narrowness of outlook, it is a fearsome thing. But if it brings warmth, tolerance, understanding, and, most important, a sense of humor, then it doesn't matter at all.

10/6 to Mrs. S. C. Comans, 82 Sussex St., Maryborough, Qld.

RECENTLY I required the services of a justice of the peace, and, after I'd travelled some miles to see one, I found there were several within walking distance of our house. How was I to know this, though? It seems absurd that J.P.s aren't listed in the telephone directory. In the event of local justices not being on the phone, I think a list of names should be placed prominently in each suburb, perhaps in the post office lobby.

10/6 to Mrs. H. Heness, 12 Clarence Ave., Dee Why, N.S.W.

WHY don't health inspectors stop butchers using great hairy hunks of string in their meat? While I realise something must be used for rolling such meats as corned beef or roasts, I feel a specially sterilised type of clean, smooth white cord could be manufactured for this purpose. It's high time the public had a cleaner deal from butchers.

10/6 to "Choking" (name supplied), Malvern, Vic.

HERE is a howl from a shift-work widow. Take warning, you soon-to-be-marrieds, then think again before you hitch yourself to one of these "home when you don't want 'em, and at work when you need 'em" shift-workers. Believe me, it's a great recipe for a quiet and boring married life. Of course, being married to one is a great boon if you're a woman who likes to avoid arguments at all costs. All the arguments I've had in the past 10 years have been with myself, because my husband's always asleep, or, if awake, too sleepy to argue.

10/6 to "Carmel" (name supplied), Seaton, S.A.

Lucky to relax

MRS. VERONICA HAMLYN (29/5/'57) is lucky if she can relax in doctors' or dentists' waiting-rooms and read magazines. Not content with that, she demands to be able to exchange magazines when necessary, so that she can finish the stories she begins before being called to her appointment. I'm sure most of us just glance aimlessly through these magazines, with more interest in pacifying our "butterflies."

10/6 to Mrs. C. G. Little, Swan Reach, via Bairnsdale, Vic.

Educating families

WHILE reading the letter from P. L. Mullins (5/6/'57) on the pros and cons of educating our daughters, I was reminded of the words spoken by Miss Myra Roper, of Melbourne University, at our local school speech-night. She said: "Educate a boy, and you educate one person; educate a girl, and you educate a family." How wise these words!

10/6 to R. Le Brun, Rubicon, Vic.

Family affairs

WHEN I was about to return home from hospital with my new baby, a friend suggested taking home a small gift "from the baby" to the other children to help them accept the baby without resentment. My two youngsters were thrilled with their small gifts, and since then the baby has become the centre of affection for them.

£1/1/- to Mrs. F. E. Acton, 15 Rowe Ave., Northfield, S.A.

● ***Each family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.***

Ross Campbell writes...

NEARLY everybody is a follower of the do-it-yourself cult now.

Out our way you see scores of people painting their own houses, making their own toys, washing their own hair, etc.

As a man who prefers not to do things himself, I feel rather small.

When I meet Handy Andy—our home-fixing expert—in a corridor at the office, I am ashamed to look him in the eye.

Yet there was a time when I honestly tried to do things myself.

What put me off it was digging the trenches for the foundations of our house.

You might think digging a hole is easy, but it's not.

The deeper you dig the smaller the hole gets.

Eventually you are jammed at the bottom of the hole with no room to move the spade.

The dirt you throw out keeps rolling back into the hole.

Some of the dirt sticks to the spade, and when you lift the spade over your head, it falls in your hair.

UNHANDYMAN'S CORNER

Also, when you've finished digging a trench you often find it is in the wrong place.

Tired and disillusioned, I had to turn the job over to professional diggers. They did more in a day than I did in three weeks.



The temptation to do things yourself is strong, I know.

Say you find a booklet on How to Make a Piano.

You would like to have a piano. But before you start there are some things you ought to know.

First, the job will be *a lot harder* than it sounds.

The instructions will say, for instance: "Nail sides on piano as indicated along dotted lines."

But when you drive the nails in the wood splits.

Also, you are not likely to do the job as well as a professional piano-maker.

You will have a piano. But will it sound good when it is played? Will it give you pride of ownership?

The strongest argument in favor of Doing It Yourself is that it saves money.

This is true enough.

If you can't afford to buy a piano, and are too honest to steal one, the only way to get one is to make it yourself.

But there is usually another way out of these situations—*you can just do nothing at all.*

In this case, why not go without a piano?

That is what I would recommend.

Quite probably you can't play the piano, anyway.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4924300



WOMBATS (Vombatus hirsutus) are fairly large grass-eating marsupials, growing to a size of 3ft. 9in. long, and said to weigh as much as 80lb. They dig big burrows with their large claws, and because they sometimes tunnel under fences are often unpopular with farmers. They inhabit hilly country from northern New South Wales to Victoria and south-eastern South Australia.

These are Australian:

Marsupial trio

● **Three diverse representatives of Australia's marsupials are pictured here. The tiger cat, a fierce little creature when hunting its prey, is carnivorous. The wombat is a vegetarian. The bandicoot eats insects and worms. Pictures taken by Dr. Allen Keast at Kuring-gai Sanctuary, N.S.W.**



LEFT: Long-nosed Bandicoot (Perameles nasuta) scratches for worms and insects with its long claws. This is the common bandicoot of the east. Related forms are found throughout the continent.



ABOVE: Tiger Cat (Dasyurops maculatus) eats small animals, reptiles, and birds, which it hunts in trees, often raids poultry runs. Ranges from coastal central Queensland to S.A. and Tasmania.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4924301



Carefree winter
can be yours

nylon

quickly dries indoors

Remember those ghastly winters of old ? The cold, wet clothes always sagging on the line ? The frantic dashes every time it rained ? The depressing clothes-horse before the fire ? What a nightmare ! But did you say it's *still* happening to you ? You need Nylon badly . . . quickly.

Nylon has taken all worries out of washing because it dries overnight indoors and rarely needs ironing. Sox, stockings, underwear, shirts, blouses, dresses, night attire—are all in Nylon these days. Need we say more ?

BRITISH NYLON SPINNERS Ltd., Pontypool, Monmouthshire—Suppliers of Nylon yarn and Nylon staple fibre to textile manufacturers in Australia.

B Nylon S

TeleVision Parade

By NAN MUSGROVE

● The national channel—Channel 2, ABN—is stabilising its time slots (TV for time of sessions).

PREVIOUSLY telecasts have started at odd times like 7.20, 8.50, and 8.10 instead of at 7.30, 8.00, and 8.30, as do Channel 9 and Channel 7.

The big change-over is impossible before July, I believe, but then you'll be able to depend on all telecasts starting at 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, and 8.30.

I heard an amusing story about this the other day. Over at Gore Hill they're filling in the studio site with old rubbish from the Forbes Street building, and a lot of out-of-date recordings have been smashed into the new studio site.

At the height of the discussions about time slots one day, a technician "on lunch" was mooching round in the sun and picked up an old recording. He took it into the studio and put it on to hear an old friend, Mr. Disgusted, of Tunbridge Wells, from "Take It From Here."

Mr. Disgusted was asking plaintively: "Can you please tell me when television programmes will be on time?"

When Mr. D. asked his question, he may well have been speaking on behalf of many Australian viewers.



BILL BOYD, Hopalong Cassidy himself, recently attended the annual ladies' luncheon of the English Variety Club in London. Here he lights a cigarette for British TV star Lady Isobel Barnett. Hoppy makes his weekly TV appearances in Sydney on Channel 9, TCN, Sunday nights at 6.30.

Time is not so important on TV as it is on radio.

It is not unknown for programmes to start anything up to 10 minutes late, and nothing for them to run 10 minutes over time.

I suppose it is because TV is new and still a comparatively unfamiliar medium, but I agree with Mr. D.

★ ★ ★

NEXT time you see Ken Howard you might notice the remnants of a hectic flush on his cheek-bones. He gave a special tip to TCN viewers recently, and his horse came home—second last. Was his face red? It still is.

However, some of that telltale flush should come from pride, for the audience-response he got from a simple request is historic in its proportions.

The story is that the powers-that-be wanted to test the show's rating, as it was reported to be low. Ken came up with a "viewers' response test."

He asked viewers to send him a telegram giving their name and telephone number only, and he would get in touch with them and give them a special hot tip for Saturday's races.

By Friday at 5 p.m. Ken had got 970 telegrams (average cost to the sender 3/3) and TCN's staff were all "on telephone" handing out the glad news to the punters.

To give you a yardstick to compare the Howard audience-response: America's giant N.B.C. coast-to-coast network rates an audience-response of 400 as excellent.

The special Howard tip, telephoned far and wide, was Arden in the Second Balmoral Stakes at a recent meeting.

★ ★ ★

TV is very disillusioning sometimes. As an avid reader of comic strips, I have long had a mental picture of "Superman" (Channel 7, ATN, 7.00 p.m., Tuesdays) soaring up and away.

Well, he's not like what I thought he was. He looks all right and he acts all right, but, to be honest, his legs are so thin it's pathetic. See him in his spaceman's tights and you wonder how they hold him up.

"Jungle Jim" (Channel 9, TCN, Friday, 7.30 p.m.) is my hero now. He has good legs.

★ ★ ★

SYDNEY Symphony Orchestra's TV debut from Sydney Town Hall last week was a superb example of a live telecast. It had everything. It was a triumph for organisers and technicians, a triumph for the musicians, and a triumph with a capital T for the magnificent hi-fi TV sound. I felt that it was the first time I'd ever actually heard music.

It introduced a new TV personality in Nicolai Malko—foreshortened by the cameras above him in the galleries until he looked like a grave and dignified fairy penguin as he stood on the podium drawing this wonderful sound from his orchestra.

Soloist Claudio Arrau justified the description of him as the world's finest pianist, but he was suffering from the bane of the TV concert artist—5 o'clock shadow. He played without make-up (as did the whole orchestra) and the dark shadows on his face were most noticeable.

The morning after at Channel 2, ABN revealed some facts that gave the night's musical triumph a rich lining. Takings for the evening concert were the greatest ever for an orchestral concert, more than 250 people were turned away from the door, and bookings for forthcoming Arrau recitals so far exceed expectations.

Davis Cup secrets

WHAT has been the secret of Australia's almost monotonous victories in Davis Cup contests in recent years?

Some people say it has been Australia's ability to produce brilliant young tennis players like Sedgman, Hoad, Rosewall, McGregor, Rose.

Some of the very knowledgeable ones, like Alrick Man, jun., United States Lawn Tennis Association official, say the secret lies with "the old fox."

"The old fox" is Harry Hopman, who has been non-playing captain of every Australian Davis Cup team since the war, and has guided Australia's tennis prodigies both on and off the court.

Now the old fox has produced "Aces and Places," the most revealing and entertaining book ever written about tennis.

How did Hopman stall off the evil day of Rosewall turning pro?...What did he say to Sedgman during that vital Davis Cup match with Vic Seixas in Sydney? . . . What happened when Lewis Hoad secretly married Jennifer Staley in London?

The answers are in "Aces and Places."

"Aces and Places" is currently appearing as a serial in the "Daily Telegraph," and you shouldn't miss reading it.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4924302



SITTING OUT between dances at the University Regimental Ball are Marlene Williams and Lieut. Tom Curran. Marlene chose a bouffant "formal" of palest pink tulle.



MELBOURNE CHRISTENING. Four-month-old Sidney Hordern Myer in the arms of his mother, Mrs. Baillieu Myer, after his christening at St. John's, Toorak, with (from left) his grandmother, Mrs. Sam Hordern, his father, Baillieu Myer, and godfather Major John Slim.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

NINE polo teams from New South Wales and one from Queensland descended on Scone last week for the annual three-day polo tourney. Play was fast and exciting and specially interesting for the spectators as it was the last chance for the teams to show their mettle before the Dudley Cup polo to be played at Warwick Farm from July 4 to July 7.

All the polo enthusiasts in the district entertained house parties . . . Frank Hooke, president of the Scone club, was host to Gunnedah player Jim Thompson and the Alan Wanseys, from Dungog. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bragg had a full house at "Rossgole," Aberdeen, with Ken Mackay and his wife, Sinclair and Valerie Hill, the Bill Moses', and Gavin Cobcroft.

There was the usual round of parties after each day's play, climaxed by a gala dinner-dance in the Belmore Hotel, where the members of the victorious Willow Tree team—Ken MacKay, Sinclair Hill, Brien and Johnny Cobcroft—were the heroes of the hour.

• • •

A DATE for your diary . . . June 27, for the Karitane Karousel to be held at the Pickwick Club in aid of the Kuring-gai Mobile Clinic.

PROUD new owners of the Woollahra home of the late Percy Williamson and his sister, the late Agnes Williamson, are Sue and John Atwill, who are at present living at "The Astor," Macquarie Street. The contents of the spacious old house were auctioned recently and hundreds of people crowded into the house hoping to buy some of the fine antiques collected by the Williamsons. Among the bidders I noticed Mrs. Robert Richards, Mrs. John Maude, and Mrs. Patricia Garvan, who has just moved into a little stone house in Ocean Street, Woollahra.

• • •

I LIKE the outfit Mrs. Donald Baldry wears on chill winter days . . . a tawny-yellow wool suit, loosely jacketed with a low-slung belt buttoned in centre back; and with it a pearl-buttoned cardigan of white cashmere.

YOUNG engaged couple Jan Wilson and Tim Baillieu, of "Tongy," Cassilis, are building their home the modern way . . . their house of seventeen squares is being built in four sections, and will be carried up to Cassilis on trailers. Jan has a busy time rushing round Sydney from her Greenwich home choosing color schemes for the house.

• • •

AFTER five weeks lazing in the sun on a cruise to Papua and New Guinea, pretty Elizabeth Woods is back home sporting a wonderful suntan.

• • •

SIXTEEN girls, aged thirteen to fifteen, are busy settling into the new T. A. Field Memorial home at the Church of England Girls' Homes, Carlingford. Mrs. T. A. Field, of Wahroonga, officially opened the home last week.

BRIEFLY . . . Bernice Coutts celebrated her coming-of-age with a gay party for sixty young guests.

• • •

CHANEL-STYLE suit of brown and yellow tweed was chosen by Mrs. Jack Farrington to wear to the opening of Robert Johnson's Central Australia exhibition at Anthony Horderns' gallery.

• • •

POPULAR Gillian Litchfield is back home again after a super holiday overseas—highlight was ten weeks' ski-ing in Austria.

• • •

OCTOBER 19 is the wedding date chosen by pretty Jann Martin, of Vaucluse, and her fiance Bill Thomas, of Cremorne. They will be married in the chapel at Riverview College.

Anne



TRIO OF GUESTS at the dance arranged by the old boys of the King's School at the Empress Ballroom are (from left) Robin Corner, Graham Galloway, and Pam Walker. Both Robin and Pam chose short-skirted dresses.



CAMELLIA SHOW. Mrs. John Warry (left), Mrs. Gregory Blaxland, and Mrs. Humphrey Henchman are helping organise a four-day camellia show in David Jones' Art Gallery opening on July 2. Proceeds will aid the Bush Book Club.



ATTRACTIVE Wendy Lloyd Jones (right) with her cocker spaniel Poco. Wendy, who is the only daughter of Mrs. Patricia Lloyd Jones, of Darling Point, and Mr. P. Lloyd Jones, has announced her engagement to Michael Matthews.



NEWLYWEDS Dr. and Mrs. David Warden after their wedding in Wellington, New Zealand. The bride was formerly Isabelle Edmundson. Their home will be at Scone.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4924303

"Hey Mum! Look what's come in our new MALLEYS Automatic!"



RINSO CAME IN IT —

as it comes in most new washing machines because

RINSO IS THE ONLY PRODUCT RECOMMENDED BY THE MAKERS OF ALL LEADING WASHING MACHINES

Here's why Rinso and your new washer just naturally go together

You've always known how Rinso's richer, softer suds, put brand-new brightness in your wash. Seven out of every ten Australian housewives prove it every washday. And now, the makers of all leading washing machines unhesitatingly recommend Rinso for the best results in their machines.

That's why Malleys, and so many other manufacturers pop a trial packet of Rinso right inside the tub of your washer — to start you off with the brightest, cleanest, sweetest wash of all. Can you wonder more women use Rinso in their washers than any other washday product? Use Rinso in your washing machine next washday!



Imagine yourself with a brand-new MALLEYS Automatic

The fully automatic washer that does not need a hot water service

Just drop in the clothes, set the dials, press the button . . . and *go*. Your Malleys does all the work for you!

- *Press-button washing*
- *Heats its own water*
- *12 lb. capacity*
- *Clothes automatically spin-dried*
- *Can be installed in any home*
- *Price 171 guineas (slightly higher in country areas)*

Z.409.W.WFPCR

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4924304

BUTCH



"A policeman drove by while I was puttin' it up. He just waved!"

MOTHER



"Not everybody understands Michael. He has a tendency to be hostile and aggressive, but apart from that he is the dearest little fellow."

It seems to me

By



Dorothy Drain

APPROVAL by the A.L.P. State Conference in New South Wales of the Opera House brings the project within the realm of possibility.

Majority of the delegates evidently agreed with the view expressed somewhat forcibly by Mr. E. C. Bennett, who said that support would "give the lie direct to the dirty innuendoes of the so-called intelligentsia that Labor people are just a bunch of hillbillies without any artistic taste."

If any of the so-called intelligentsia have been expressing these "dirty innuendoes" the vote will doubtless have silenced them.

Next thing is to find the money.

Premier Cahill's plan of lotteries to finance the building is realistic.

It's probably the quickest way of raising a lot of money, and painless. There are objections, of course, from those who disapprove of lotteries in any case, and a few who regard them as "undignified" for this purpose.

Dignity and quick money-making are just about incompatible. However, if there is any strong feeling on the dignity question it could be offset by a proviso that major prize-winners spent some of the winnings on a cultural self-improvement programme, learning to play the guitar, for instance.

* * *

PRIZE for the understatement of the year should go to the American officer quoted discussing some modern war exercises in Europe.

"When you stand in danger of losing your whole battalion in one fell swoop," he said, "each move must be well thought out."

* * *

ON the news posters in Sydney last week: "Trams, barrows, and cars to go."

Barrows and parked cars will be removed from Pitt and Castlereagh Streets by September, and buses will replace trams.

If they could only get rid of the people, too, those bullock-tracks would be navigable once more.

* * *

"YOU should consider your guests when lighting the house for a social occasion," says an American woman who has completed a survey of home lighting for a firm of bulb makers.

Among the various bits of jabberwocky resulting from the survey: "If guests are housewives, plenty of light will pick them up after a dull day. Business women, on the other hand, will be relaxed in a softly lit party-room."

Oh, rubbish. If the guests are short-sighted and want to read the paper or look at the other guests they like bright lights. And if they care more about how they look themselves they'll want dim lights.

Speaking as a hostess, whether the light is bright or dim depends on how long it is since I cleaned the carpet.

ONCE or twice before I've mentioned that the kind of work I'm doing influences my general outlook.

In the past, spells on fashion and cookery have had some startling, if short-lived, results.

A term spent handling the astrology had me looking for signs and portents everywhere.

Lately I've been doing some work connected with our "These are Australian" feature.

"I see you're living your job again," said a colleague the other morning.

"Why?" I asked, puzzled.

"Your hair's like a bird's nest," replied the candid girl.

* * *

MOST novel success in entertainment for some time is reported from Tokio.

A broadcast of frog calls from a country pool has proved most popular. The calls are unadorned by commentary, and listeners love them.

The reason for the popularity is not hard to understand, and the extraordinary thing is that devisers of radio programmes have not thought of it before.

Evidently the progressive Japanese follow the practice of keeping the radio on as a background at all times.

In many Australian homes the radio is used entirely as a background.

Nobody ever actually listens to it. They just talk above and through it.

This Japanese idea appears to be an economical way of providing comforting noise for such listeners, and the possibilities are limitless—rain on tin roofs, the sea breaking on rocks, and, for those on holiday in the country, train wheels and car brakes.

* * *

QUOTE from some advice on interior decoration: "A wall-sized marine scene can bring the ocean into your home."

The sea is fine to sail on, to paddle in, to fish in,

It's excellent as scenery, but only on condition

That the temperature is fitting, which is what it's not at present,

And drawing-rooms in winter, when high and dry, are pleasant.

Let's keep the indoors indoors and the outdoors on the outer,

At least until the summer, when stamina is stouter.

It sounds a little stuffy, but I'm wedded to the notion,

There's a time and place for ALL things, and one of them's the ocean.

Fragrant loveliness



Be doubly enchanting with

Gemey perfume



Three sizes: handbag, 5/3; pedestal, 16/6; and de-luxe gift size, 67/6.

Gemey Skin Perfume: in gracefully fluted bottle, 15/6; medium size bottle, 9/6.

The fragrance of Romance

ONLY Gemey Perfume has this rare, exquisite fragrance . . . a tantalising, irresistible perfume . . . sophisticated, unforgettable! A delicate fragrance that lingers in the heart and memory. You'll revel in the new, delightful enchantment it brings.

CREATION OF Richard Hudnut NEW YORK • LONDON • PARIS • SYDNEY

G151.143

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4924305

Everything he did bound him to the stranger whose life he had exchanged

THE SCAPEGOAT

FICTION SECTION

By DAPHNE DU MAURIER

I LEFT the car by the side of the cathedral and then walked down the steps into the Place des Jacobins. It was still raining hard. It had not once let up since Tours, and all I had seen of the countryside I loved was the gleaming surface of the route nationale, rhythmically cut by the monotonous swing of the windscreen-wiper.

Outside Le Mans the depression that had grown upon me during the past twenty-four hours had intensified. It was inevitable, always, during the last days of holiday; but this time, more than ever before, I was aware of time having passed too swiftly, not because the days had been overfull but because I had achieved nothing. The notes I had written for the lectures I was to give during the coming autumn were scholarly, precise, with dates and facts that I should afterwards dress up in language designed to strike a spark in the dull minds of inattentive students. But even if I held their flagging interest for a brief half-hour, I should know when I had finished that nothing I had said to them was of any value, that I had only given them images of history brightly colored — waxwork models, puppet figures strutting through a charade. The real meaning of history would have escaped me, because I had never been close enough to people.

It was all too easy to lose oneself in a past half-real, half-imaginary, and so be blind to the present. In the cities that I knew best, Tours, Blois, Orleans, I lost myself in fantasy, seeing other walls, older streets, the crumbling corners of once-glittering facades, and they were more alive to me than any real structure before my eyes, for in their shadows lay security; but in the hard light of reality there was only doubt and apprehension.

As I drove out of Tours on the last morning my dissatisfaction with the lectures I should give in London and my realisation that all I had ever done in life, not only in France but in England also, was to watch people, never to partake in their happiness or pain, brought such a sense of overwhelming depression, deepened by the rain stinging the windows of the car, that when I came to Le Mans, although I had not intended to stop there and lunch, I changed my mind, hoping to change my mood.

It was market day and in the Place des Jacobins lorries and carts with green tarpaulins stood parked close to the steps below the cathedral, and the rows of stalls were crowded one beside another. It must have been one of the big market days, for the Place was full of country people and there was an unmistakable smell in the air, half vegetable, half beast, that could come only from the soil, muddied, ruddy-brown, and wet, and from the steaming pens where huddled cattle moved in uneasy comradeship.

Two black-shawled women argued beside an open cart, one of them holding by the feet a squawking hen, whose fluttering, protesting wings brushed the wide wicker basket heaped with apples on which the woman leant; while towards them came a great hulking fellow in a nut-brown velvet coat, his face purple with good cheer from a nearby bistro, his eyes blurred, his walk unsteady. He grumbled to himself as he peered down at the coins in his open hand, fewer than he had expected, too few — he must somehow have miscalculated in that vanished hour of heat and sweat and tobacco, whence he now came to quarrel with his mother and his wife.

I walked across the Place to the restaurant at the corner; and suddenly the pale sun shone from the fitful sky and the people thronging the Place, who had seemed black smudges in the rain, crow-like, bent, impersonal, became animated blobs of color, smiling, gesticulating, strolling about their business with new leisure.

The restaurant was crowded, the atmosphere thick with the good smell of food, soupy and pungent — of cheese upon sauce-tipped knives, spilt wine, the bitter dregs of coffee — and rank, too, with the wet cloth of coats heavily rained upon, now drying, the whole scene framed in a blue smoke cloud of Gauloise cigarettes.

I found a seat in the far corner near the service door and as I ate my omelet the swing door kept bursting backwards, forwards, pushed impatiently by waiters heavily laden with trays piled high with food. At first the sight was an aperitif to my own hunger, but later, when my meal was over, it became somehow a deterrent to digestion — too many fried potatoes, too many pork chops.

The woman who ate beside me was still forking beans into her mouth as I called for coffee, and she expostulated to her sister upon the cost of living, ignoring the pallid little girl who sat on the husband's knee. The conversation never ceased and as I listened — for this sort of thing was my one relaxation when preoccupation with history left me free — my former depression returned to nag beneath the surface of enjoyment.

I was an alien, I was not one of them. Years of study, years of training, the fluency with which I spoke their language, taught their history, described their culture, had never brought me closer to the people themselves. I was too diffident, too conscious of my own reserve. Others could break the barrier down: not I. I should never be a Frenchman, never be one of them.

The family sitting beside me got up and left, the clatter ceased, the smoke thinned, and the patron and his wife sat down to eat behind the counter. I paid and went out and walked aimlessly along the streets, my lack of purpose, my shifting gaze, my very clothes — grey flannel bags, tweed jacket too-well-worn over a span of years — betraying me as an Englishman in this jostling crowd of provincials on market day, who sought bargains among the nailed boots hanging upon strings, the aprons spotted black and white, the plaited slippers, the saucepans, and umbrellas.

Young girls laughing with linked arms, old women pausing, reckoning, shaking their heads at the price of checked tablecloths, moving on, not buying; youths eyeing the girls, nudging one another, the inevitable cigarette dangling from their lips: all of them, when the day was done, would return to some familiar plot they knew as home.

Meanwhile I, time no object, would check in at yet another strange hotel and be accepted as one of them until I produced my British passport; then the bow, the smile, the genuine show of politeness, and the little shrug of regret. "We have very few people at the moment. The season is over. Monsieur has the place to himself," the implication being that surely I must want to plunge into a bunch of hearty compatriots, carrying cameras, exchanging snapshots, lending books, borrowing one another's "Daily Mail."

Nor would they ever know, these people of the hotel where I passed a night, any more than those whom I now jostled in the street, that I wanted neither my compatriots nor my own company, but instead the happiness, which could never be mine, of feeling myself one of them, bred and schooled amongst them, bound by some tie of family and blood that they would recognise and understand; so that, living with them, I might share their laughter, fathom their sorrow, eat their bread, no longer stranger's bread, but mine and theirs.

I went on walking and the rain came spattering down again, sending the crowd to huddle in the shops or to seek the shelter of cars and lorries. For no one promenades in the rain unless he is on business bent. I went into Notre-Dame-de-la Couture, beside the Prefecture.

It was empty, save for an old woman praying, tears like pearls in each corner of her wide, staring eyes. Then, like a gulf of darkness swamping reason, I knew that later on I must get drunk or die. How much did failure matter? Not, perhaps, to my small outside world, not to the few friends who thought they knew me well, not to the persons who employed me nor the students who listened to my lectures, not to the officials at the British Museum, who, benign and courteous, gave me good morning or good afternoon, not to the smooth, dull, kindly London shadows amongst whom I lived and breathed and had my being as a law-abiding, quiet, donnish individual of thirty-eight. But to the self who clamored for release, the man within? How did my poor record seem to him?

Who he was and whence he sprang, what urges and what longings he might possess, I could not tell. I was so used to denying him expression that his ways were unknown to me; but he might have had a mocking laugh, a casual heart, a swift-roused temper, and a ribald tongue.

He did not inhabit a solitary book-lined apartment; he did not wake every morning to the certain knowledge of no family, no ties, no entanglements, no friends or interests infinitely precious to him, nothing to serve as goal and anchor save a preoccupation with French history and the French language, which somehow, by good fortune, enabled him to earn his daily bread.

Perhaps, if I had not kept him locked within me, he might have laughed, roistered, fought, and lied. Perhaps he suffered, perhaps he hated, perhaps he lived by cruelty alone. He might have murdered, stolen — or spent himself in lost causes, loved humanity, embraced a faith that believed in the divinity of both God and Man. Whatever his nature, he always hovered beneath the insignificant façade of that pale self who now sat in the church of Notre-Dame-de-la-Couture waiting for the rain to cease, for the day to fold, for the holiday to come to its appointed end, for autumn to set in, for the day-by-day routine of his normal, uneventful London life to close upon him for another year, another span of time.

The question was how to unlock the door? What lever would set the other free? There was no answer — except, of course, the blurred and temporary ease which a bottle of wine at a cafe might bring me before I climbed into the car again and drove north. Here, in the empty church, prayer was the alternative; but prayer for what? To complete the half-formed decision in my mind to go to the Abbaye and hope to discover there what to do with failure?

I watched the old woman gather herself together and depart, thrusting her rosary into her skirts. Her tears had gone, but whether from consolation or because they had dried upon her cheek I could not tell. I thought of my carte Michelin back in the car and the blue circle with which I had marked the Abbaye de la Grande-Trappe. Why had I done so? What did I expect to gain from going there? Should I have the courage to ring the bell of the building where they lodged their guests? They might have my answer, and the answer to the man within . . .

I followed the old woman out of church. I had a sudden desire to ask her if she was ill or lately widowed or had a dying son, and whether she had new hope since she had prayed; but when I passed through the door and came upon her still muttering outside, she mistook my anxious glance for tourist charity and with a little sidelong glance held out her hand for alms. I gave her two hundred francs, despising my own mean spirit, and fled from her, disenchanted.

It was no longer raining. Red ribbons spanned the sky and the wet streets glistened. People were going home from work on bicycles. I lost any sense of direction, walking away from the shops and

To page 38

The mirror showed our faces strained and anxious, two faces so alike that it was as though one man stood there.



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4924306

ed

for his own... Beginning our serial by the famous author of "Rebecca"



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4924307

THE HOUSE OF DREAMS

A short story complete on this page

By MARY MOORE

WHEN Anne knew that the house had been left to her, she sat there with her hands in her lap, staring at her family round the breakfast table and trying not to think. She tried not to see John's face, or young Daphne's, or Peg's, or Tony's. How happily ecstatic they all were about it!

At first, when John had read out the news in that calm deep voice of his which, through the years, had come to mean security to her, she had wanted to get up and say: "No! Not even if it means a gracious home, not even if it is Uncle Edward's last will and testament! Not even if it means the end of Peg's worries, or something to hand on to the children when we've done with it! Because — I don't want it. I have learnt not to feel, and having Green End House would make me feel again . . ."

But, of course, she had said nothing of the kind. She had just sat there and listened to her husband's voice as it got deeper and deeper, and to Tony's whoop as he had flung his napkin to the ceiling, and to Peg's relieved, "Oh, a direct gift from heaven! Now I can leave the children in peace while Tom and I are away . . ."

She had forced herself to side with them. She had forced herself to see about the selling up of their own tiny, overcrowded home, and to start packing.

And now, the last day had come for all of them in this place where for twenty-four years she and John had lived, married. The van was outside and the men were carting away those last lost-looking bits and pieces which always look so frightful standing on the edge of the pavement.

Green End House. Long, two-storied, and with two pillars before its green front door. Wide stretching garden with a mulberry tree and the swing which she and — and Tim used to swing on.

Tim, to whom she had been engaged that long, hot summer when they were young — she seventeen and he twenty. What ridiculous ages! No more than Daphne and Peg's . . .

They had been so deliriously happy. Uncle Edward had given a party for them, a dance; they had hung shining lanterns from the trees and the music came out from the brightly lit room and stole across the scented flowerbeds and the grass to where she and Tim waltzed in heaven — under the trees . . .

Green End House. Wide staircase down which she and Tim as tiny children had raced on worn tin trays! Soon she would be going down those stairs every day to breakfast and going up them again at nightfall with John beside her.

John? She could hear him downstairs now calling to her.

"Nearly ready up there, old girl? Van's just going—"

The house was empty about her, the paint scuffed and worn and shabby looking. There was the mark on the door in pencil where she had measured Peter's height. Peter, who had not come back from the war to them. Who would never come again . . .

"Mummy, I've made a cup of tea. I thought you needed it! Gosh, won't it be dandy to be in the country? I just can't believe it, somehow."

She took the cup from Peg's hands and sipped the scalding liquid, fighting for self-control and against her tears.

What fools women could be! Here she was with a perfectly adorable family, a good husband, and a lovely new home, and she could only blink away tears and try not to show how dreadful she was feeling. Everything in her screamed: "Tim, Tim, my darling!"

Now, all that she had fought against for so long, for so many years, was sweeping back . . . Tim had had a tiny black mole by his upper lip. She had always teased him about that. It was like a patch, in the patches and powder days. Tim was a bit like that, too, graceful and —elegant. His long length was never clumsy and a bit unmanageable as John's was . . . John, whom she had married the year that Tim died . . .

Why did one do these things? Why did a girl with her heart wrung in the most dreadful anguish turn to the patient loving of another man? Why did she think to herself, "If I cannot have what I wish, at least I can —give!"

And she had tried to give, during all the years behind them, all the things that he had ever wished of her. And she had given it freely, and with good heart.

But Tim had always been there—in her dreams; laughing down at her with those grey-green eyes of his, with a careless arm about her, holding her close. She had never grown away from Tim even though she had fought it desperately, prayed to love John, agonised about it.

Tim and she were—different, somehow. They were together in that strange completeness that only seemed to have steadied and deepened with the years that had borne upon her . . .

She set down her cup and turned to Peggy, who was wrestling to get one of her offspring into a coat.

"Stand still, Pips. Oh, look! You've torn the lining. Grannie, that's another bit of mending for you—"

Anne dropped to her knees and gently adjusted the coat on the child. "Of course, dear, I'll mend it for you just as soon as I have time. That's the sort of thing Grannies are for, isn't it?"

Suddenly Peg's arms were around her.

"Oh, Mum, I can't bear to think of leaving them, but now I know that they are going to be in the country, and that you won't be sort of—herded—with them here in this rabbit hutch, I feel better. Pips, if you break that shoe-lace, I'll flay you! Come on, Mums. Let's go!"

Let's go. Down the stairs and out of the house where John had brought her as a bride. But surely—oughtn't they to have gone together, she and John? In this house children had been born to them. In this house, in this very room, she had stood twisting up the telegram about—Peter.



"Oh, look, Pips! Now you've torn the lining of your sleeve," Peg said. "That means more mending for you, Grannie."

In this room she had sobbed her heart out—alone . . .

If only she need not go to that other house, the house of her girlhood, and her dreaming. And yet she couldn't have told them—John and the others—it would have been so unkind to spoil their pleasure.

She went out of the room, closing the door.

John stood there in the dim landing, with the bare sweep of stairs stretching behind him, and the hair ruffled on his greying head.

"Anne, I—want to say—I know!"

"Know what?" Her tone was abrupt, because she was feeling so deeply.

"About—Green End House. All it meant. All it must always mean to you. And I—I want to thank you for this house, Anne darling, and all it has meant—to me!"

She went into his arms.

.

The other house was set on a sloping hill. The walk up to it was shady, and there were beech trees in their first pale lovely green. The door stood open as it had done since she could remember, and her room, when she got into it, looked just the same.

For a second she stood there, staring about her, the pain unbearable and the memories so poignant that she felt seared as with flame.

Here she had stood that day, staring out of the window, waiting for Tim to come riding up the hill towards her, at full gallop as he always seemed to ride. Only that day the horse had stumbled. There had been a sudden scurry of hoofs and a cry. Then silence. And Tim lying there stretched and long and limp before her. She had known he was dead long before Uncle Edward had come to tell her . . .

Downstairs they were getting tea . . . Daphne and Peg and Tony and John. They were laughing, and they laid it on a table in the garden, because it was hot and lovely out there and the flowers were scented and sweet.

She swung open the cupboard door to hang up her coat and saw a riding jacket. It was old-fashioned, and a little dusty and brown.

She knew it was Tim's. She took it into her hands and laid her cheek to its folds . . .

Downstairs, tea and the family. The usual things of life, the intimate, dear, everyday things. And here—Tim, and all that he had meant to her. The one man—the only man she had ever really wanted in all the years she had lived.

She went to the glass and looked at her reflection. She was still lovely, but her hair was grey now, and her figure had lost a little of its supple, willowy shape.

How would Tim have looked—today?

What would he have said to her?

She threw the coat from her because she couldn't bear the pain of holding it any longer.

On to the ground fell a tiny packet, wrapped in silver paper.

She bent and picked it up. It was addressed to her in that bold, dark writing of Tim's, which had faded a little with the years.

With trembling fingers she undid the string and bent, with tear-filled eyes, to see what was inside. A box was there, and in the box a tiny spray of some dried flowers which crumbled as she touched them. Violets . . . and round them a little twist of paper. On that, too, Tim's writing: "Isn't spring glorious, my darling? The best time of the year is ahead."

That was all.

Sitting there on the bed with the packet in her lap, she stared unseeingly out of the window at the twisting, white road. She seemed to see a young, virile figure galloping up it, a hand waving.

Tim—Tim willing her to go on—not to be a fool longing for past happiness, but realising the glory of the future . . .

Anne burnt the flowers and the parcel in the grate, her matches held out tremblingly to them. Then quietly she went downstairs to tea.

They were all on the lawn, and the sun was glorious. Peg had the children round her, and John was arguing with Daphne over the best place to set her chair.

When she came to them they all turned, smiling. John's hand went out to her and she took it, clinging desperately. It was firm and warm.

"Why, Anne——" he said slowly, and his eyes glowed down at her.

"I love you," she said to him, and the words were a whisper.

He put her into the deck-chair and bent to kiss her, and for once he was not clumsy. Then he took up a cup from the table.

"Drink to Green End House!" he cried to them. "To us — to the family — to the future!"

And Anne, sipping happily, heard somewhere afar off in the shadows of the beech trees laughter, and horse's hoofs galloping—going out of her life, satisfied, away . . .

(Copyright)

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4924308

A Small Tiara

A complete short story

By DEE RALFS

ILLUSTRATED BY LASKIE



MARY GROVER'S disposition was naturally open, and her mind, whether serene, lightly clouded, or rent by lightning wrath, was always clear to those around her. She was ready with her confidences and was a poor teller of white lies.

In short, she had no gift for underhandedness. Not, that is, until the day she bought the tiara.

It was only a small one, little more than a circlet, but it led her to fledgling flights of artfulness.

She bought it by the merest accident.

She had come to the end of a day's shopping and was burdened with the usual shopper's remorse at spending rather more money that she had intended. She also felt a little older than normally and her feet ached.

As if in confirmation of her general depression the clouds lowered and coin-sized drops of rain fell. Since she carried no umbrella, her newest hat was threatened. She was not pleased with the hat, for several shop-window reflections had suggested that it did nothing for her. At the same time it was expensive enough to preserve.

She turned into the nearest available shelter, which chanced to be some salerooms. An auction was in progress and Mary, who loved bargains enough to enjoy watching them go to other people, seated herself and followed events.

She was very much impressed to note that a bunch of heavily jewelled gold crowns sold for a few pounds, and a glance at a printed notice explained to her that the auctioneer was disposing of a theatrical supplier's stock. She picked up a catalogue lying on the empty chair next to hers and, studying it, saw that she might spend an enlivening half-hour with the weight off her feet.

There was a brisk bidding for a box of mixed swords and a more prolonged one for a collection of robes. The next lot was a tiara. As soon as she saw it Mary was attracted. It was quite a convincing piece of jewellery; fragile-looking with its rhinestone gems shining as innocently as dewdrops.

She thought it enchantingly pretty and was amazed by the opening bid of five shillings.

Thoughtlessly she raised it to ten and started one of those inexplicable ding-dong battles that keep the gleam in an auctioneer's eye.

The tiara was knocked down to her at thirty shillings and she enjoyed her triumph until she alighted at her home station. There the familiar scene seemed

To page 37

They watched with surprise as Mary, turning away from them, said: "There, that's my wretched little secret!"

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4924309

Pains go . .

quickly and safely* with DISPRIN



DISPRIN GETS TO WORK FASTER

When you drop Disprin into water, the tablets foam and dissolve quickly—to form a liquid. This liquid pain-reliever has the power to pass more quickly from the stomach into the blood-stream. That is why it acts so fast.





DISPRIN IS EASIER TO TAKE

Disprin is palatable and agreeable to take. And that, combined with its comparative non-acidity, makes Disprin particularly suitable for children.

*** DISPRIN IS SAFER**

Disprin—being soluble and far less acid than aspirin—is the safe, modern pain-reliever. Medical tests have shown that Disprin is far less likely than ordinary aspirin and A.P.C. to cause gastric irritation. That's why Disprin is nowadays widely recommended, particularly to patients prone to heart-burn, dyspepsia or other forms of stomach upset.

Period Pains. Disprin at such a time is a real blessing. Pain is relieved and nerves are quickly soothed. Keep the flat pack of Disprin in your handbag.

Ask your chemist for Disprin

DISPRIN Regd.

***dissolves* pain quickly and safely**



Practically Married



LIEUT. JOSEPH R. BLATCHFORD, U.S.N., stood at the mirror in the plush hotel in Hollywood, vigorously brushing his blond crew-cut and singing the Air Force song. People think that Navy men don't like to sing the Air Force song, but this is incorrect.

Navy men love to sing the Air Force song — a little off key, with a touch of the nasal. Helps keep the Air Force in its place.

But at the moment Lieutenant Blatchford wasn't mad at the Air Force; he wasn't mad at anybody in this whole, wonderful world.

On the way to San Diego after two years in the frigid Aleutians, and with a fourteen-day leave to loll around Hollywood among the sunshine and the movie stars, who could be mad? It was going to be the most restful leave a man ever had.

Because this time he wasn't going to get mixed up with women. Not this time. Reporting in at a new station was too important. He was going to concerts and art galleries, lie in bed, and blow his cornet at the ceiling.

After he'd been in San Diego a few weeks and had started getting things under control he might venture out a little socially. But at the moment, no women.

That was his plan, and he carried it out for nearly forty-seven minutes. At the end of which time he saw a girl and followed her as nimbly as Samson stepping into the lady barber's.

What happened was this: On the way out to a simple, nourishing dinner, he thought he might as well stroll down past CBC radio station and see if they had a ticket left for some nice relaxing comedy show during the evening. So far, still sound strategy. Get the ticket, have dinner, see the show, get a magazine, and home to bed. Rest, complete rest.

And the trouble was that they didn't have any tickets left, and on the way out he saw this tremendous line of people waiting to get into some programme that was evidently just a dandy, and in the line was this girl — an Air Force officer with sea-green eyes and honey-colored hair. A fellow warrior.

Before he even knew what was happening he was lifting his uniform hat and smiling warmly and asking her if she had an extra ticket. To anything.

And the further trouble was that the programme was "Honeymoon House" and she had an extra ticket, and just then the ushers opened the doors and he was swept into the place like a cork in a washing machine. Into the jaws of death.

Because there was just no programme in this world he hated worse than "Honeymoon House." The radio version came over Armed Forces Radio, and with little else to do in the Aleutians, he had listened to it on countless nights, writhing in agony.

It consisted of a Happy Charley m.c. and an endless parade of simpering engaged couples who told Happy Charley all about how they'd first met, and when they'd first kissed each other, and just everything.

Then they competed in the Big Romance Quiz for electric blankets, ha-ha, and all sorts of equipment for the nursery, ha-ha, and Joe and the other guys in the Aleutians considered it outstandingly sickening.

Plus a little crooked — because when any of the couples got anywhere near the big jackpot prize, the completely furnished honeymoon house smack in the middle of the movie stars, the questions suddenly became so difficult they would have staggered Einstein.

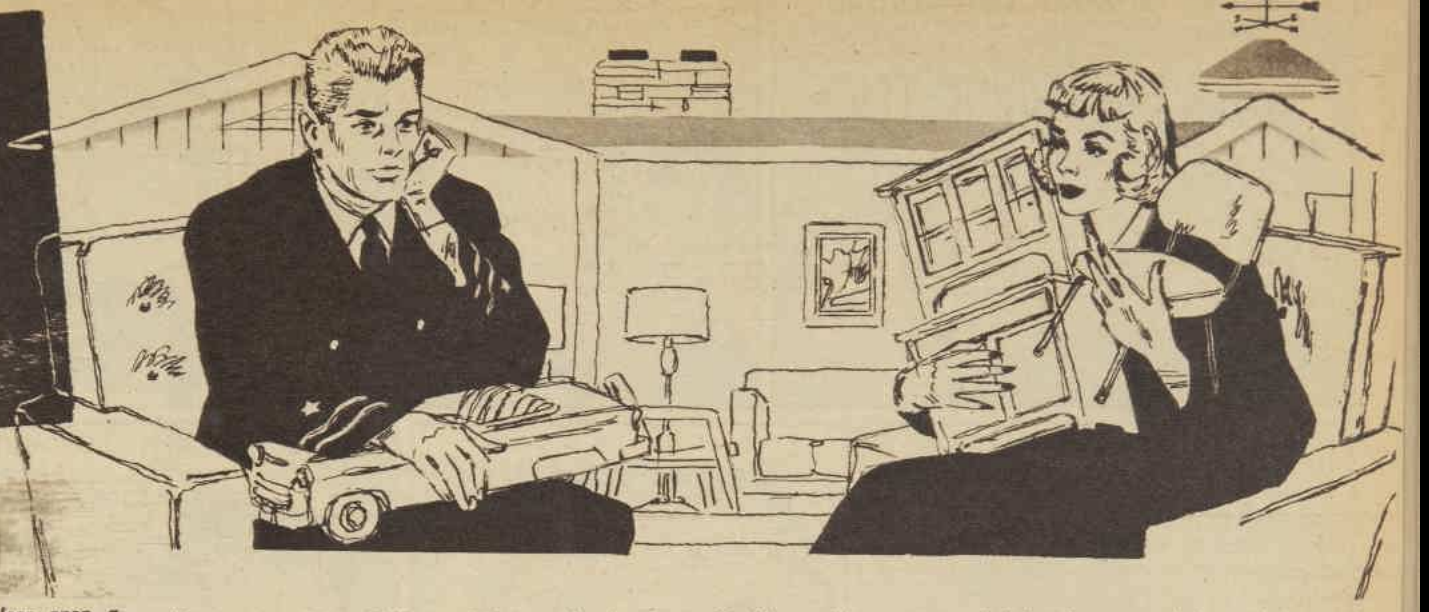
Yet here he was, barely in town an hour and trapped at "Honeymoon House." Good grief! At least he was sitting beside the beautiful Air Force officer and he'd just introduced himself and discovered that she was Lieut. Catherine Walmsley, also on a fourteen-day leave, just transferred to Los Angeles from Wright Field, when he suddenly realised with horror that Happy Charley had started choosing the simpering engaged couples to be on the show and he was beaming down on them!

"Well, what do you know, folks?" he

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4924310

A gay romantic short story

By HANNIBAL COONS





Holding the door open a few inches, Joe blew reveille as loudly as he could.

was saying. "I see the Services are finally unified — ha-ha. Come right on up, lieutenants." Joe's first thought was to go right on up and strangle him.

Then he thought, why not? It would be simpler just to go up and win an electric blanket than to try to explain the whole thing to Happy Charley.

"Why not?" he smiled at Lieutenant Walmsley.

"Why not, indeed?" she smiled back. "I have a married sister who can use some bottle warmers."

"Stick with me," he said, "and we'll have a time."

Which they did; Joe simpering and giggling in a travesty of the other couples, and going into endless details of their imaginary courtship.

And twenty-eight minutes later they had answered every question Happy Charley could think of, including the "house" question — the annual rainfall in Tierra del Fuego from 1883 to 1910 — and suddenly they had won the completely furnished honeymoon house, smack in the middle of the movie stars, and were holding the gold door keys to Honeymoon House and feeling a little silly, outside in the gathering evening.

"This isn't going to work out well," said Cathy, as she was now known to Joe and twenty million radio and television listeners. "We're not engaged at all and we shouldn't have taken their house. It's wrong."

"Don't be ridiculous," he said. "What actual engaged couple could be thinking about Tierra del Fuego's rainfall. How'd you happen to know that?"

"The Air Force has paid me untold thousands to study the world's weather. I tell you we shouldn't have taken their house."

"On the other hand," he said, "look at it this way: We've probably done them a tremendous favor by taking this old house off their hands, as now they can get a nice new one to talk about. That programme's been getting a bit dull. As I look at it, we've done them a distinct favor."

"What do you intend to do," said Cathy, "at the Press conference at Honeymoon House tomorrow afternoon at four? Continue your merry tales? About how we met in kindergarten in Bombay and have been slaves of passion ever since?"

"I thought the part about my first kissing you at the age of five, after you'd been frightened by the cobra, was rather good. 'I'll protect you from the ol' wattlesnake,' I said. Imagine that at five."

"Yes, that got a chuckle. But what do we do with the house?"

"Well, it's ours now, so we can do what we please with it. So we'll sell it and split the money. Naturally."

"Let's walk a while," she said. "Maybe action will help. The trouble with men is they have no sentiment."

They started walking up towards the beckoning lights of Hollywood Boulevard. "Men are practical," Joe said, "and it's a good thing they are. Let's be realistic. I'll pick you up at your hotel at nine in the morning in my rented conveyance and we'll drive out there and get this thing into good hands. Somebody who can peddle it in a hurry."

"O.K.," said Cathy. "Nine in the morning." But she'd begun to get a dangerous look in her sea-green eyes. "Joe," she said suddenly, "why don't we just run out there now and take one look at the place? Get an idea of what we want to ask for it."

"Sure, why not?" said Joe.

Well, never let it be said that the radio people hadn't done it up right. Joe was sorry he'd thought so many mean things about them. Honeymoon House was a beautiful job spreading around two sides of a big corner lot and the gold key fitted the front door just fine, and inside everything was certainly completely furnished, even to a sparkling red-and-white convertible in the garage.

"Oh, Joe," said Cathy, "isn't it all just beautiful. To think that we really own this house, even if just till we can sell it."

Joe was beginning to look thoughtful. "Cathy, I've been thinking. We probably wouldn't want to sell this place furnished, anyway — probably get just as much for it unfurnished — why don't we start splitting up that part of it first? Women like furniture. Why don't you take most of the furniture and I'll take the car?"

Lieutenant Walmsley had her legs tucked under her in a most unmilitary manner. She was begininng to look at home. Women can start looking at home awful fast.

"Joe," she said slowly, "I've been thinking, too. If you think we actually ought to keep this house at all, I don't see why I can't really keep it, just as it is. Look at it this way: I own half of it already. You don't have any real interest in your half — all you want is half of the money. Well, why can't I get a mortgage on it, pay you off in cash for your half, and keep it?"

Joe sat up as though stabbed. "Well, if that isn't just like the Air Force!" he spluttered. "If you have any idea of pulling anything like that, you can just forget it right now!"

"Now you're being ridiculous," she said. "What in the world is the difference whether you get your half of the money from me or from some retired plumbing contractor from Fort Wayne?"

"I don't know," said Joe, "but something's wrong with it and I don't like it. Let's head back to town."

And in a stiff silence they locked the beautiful front door of Honeymoon House, drove back to Hollywood, and Joe dropped her off at her hotel; then he stopped in at an Italian restaurant and had a strangely lonely dinner. What was the matter with him? He wasn't operating. He could at least have asked her to have dinner with him.

After dinner he went up to the hotel room he'd thought was so lush — after Honeymoon House it looked like the Midnight Mission — and he pulled his tie loose and flopped down on the bed for a little badly needed ceiling staring. But there didn't seem to be any answers up there.

So he got his cornet out of the case and gave out with a few defiant toots, but that just seemed childish. Also noisy. That was one thing about the Aleutians; a man could practise the cornet in peace.

Then he suddenly thought. What was he doing in this eighteen-dollar-a-day room when he owned half of a fifty-thousand-dollar house? Completely furnished. And in case the Air Force had any idea of pulling any fast ones there was also the little matter of possession.

He got up, threw his stuff together, checked out, and drove back to Honeymoon House. He'd fortunately kept one of the gold keys. And inside he turned on the new twenty-eight-inch television set for a while, turned that off, and listened to the hi-fi for a while, walked around and stared at the new stainless-steel pots and pans and the new red-and-white convertible some more, and finally he shut everything off, put his rented car in the other half of the garage, and went to bed in the master bedroom between the lemon-yellow sheets. As a matter of fact they felt fine.

He awoke with a start, the sun streaming in the window, and water running somewhere He hadn't left any water running. Maybe a gardener was part of the prize. Then suddenly he sat bolt upright in the lemon-yellow sheets.

Jumping out of bed, he grabbed a robe and slippers, got his cornet out of the case, and went on a narrow-eyed reconnaissance through the house. Niagara Falls seemed to be coming from over in the other wing, where the nursery was — the completely equipped nursery with the alcove bed where the nurse would sleep if the kids were croupy.

And the water running was the shower in the bathroom where some day somebody's kids would be getting ready to go to school. On a chair beside the alcove bed was a Women's Air Force uniform.

Well, darn her! She'd had the same idea he'd had!

Carefully opening the door of the bathroom a few inches, he stuck the business end of the cornet into the steam, and blew reveille, one of his better numbers.

There was an ear-splitting scream.

"Get out of there!" she yelled.

"Just wanted to tell you to take your time," he said. "I'm off to get some stuff for breakfast."

He dressed hurriedly and departed — after only a moment's hesitation — in the rented conveyance. Might as well keep the new convertible new.

When he got back she was setting the breakfast table in a canary-yellow housecoat.

"Do you often walk in on people who are taking a shower?" she said.

"I've walked in on, I'd say, eight thousand Air Force officers who were taking a shower and none of them have minded yet. The trouble with you is you just don't like cornet music. Let's get on to the eggs. By the way, I like this uniform better than the other one. What's this — the new Air Force fatigues?"

"Sit down," she said, "and be quiet. Just bury yourself in your paper, like any other husband, and your breakfast will be ready in a moment. If it isn't satisfactory, don't tip me."

And in little more than a moment she was ladling on to the plates an omelet buttery and golden as Ft. Knox. She'd even made the coffee and she'd even heated the plates.

"Good heavens," he said, after an exploratory bite or two, "you can cook! A proper omelet is a joy forever. Is it possible that you're in the French Air Force?"

"My mother," she said, "runs a little restaurant on Cape Cod that people come to from miles around; I cut my teeth on a sack of herbs. She said when I learned to cook I could have a lipstick."

"A sound approach," he said, "and one that could be copied by others. Now about the convertible?"

"As usual," she said, "you're getting the cart before the house, the first item of business in any new camp being the assignment of quarters. And we can't both live here. One of us, I suppose, should be on hand to show the place while we're trying to sell it,

To page 46

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4924311

FUN WITH MAC AND ROBBIE

The Great VANISHING TRICK

WATCH CLOSELY FOLKS— AT NO STAGE DO MY FINGERS EVER LEAVE THE HAND.

LOOK ROBBIE — A "SNACK" BLOCK — I'LL GIVE YOU A PIECE

THANKS MAC, I GO FOR THOSE DELICIOUS CENTRES BUT WAIT...

LET ME HAVE THE BLOCK A MOMENT, I'LL SHOW YOU A TRICK

THIS IDEA I DO NOT LIKE

FIRST I BREAK THIS "SNACK" BLOCK, THEN I TAKE A STRAWBERRY CREAM PIECE— NOW WATCH CAREFULLY—I PLACE IT IN MY MOUTH. NOW! I TAKE ANOTHER NOVELTY SHAPED PIECE—PINEAPPLE CREAM—AND DO THE SAME AND...

NOW I ENJOY (YUM YUM) THIS TURKISH DELIGHT CENTRE.

FIVE MINUTES LATER:

PRESTO! I'VE MADE THE "SNACK" BLOCK VANISH BEFORE YOUR VERY EYES.

SO THAT'S THE GREAT VANISHING TRICK. YOU'VE EATEN MY WHOLE "SNACK" BLOCK

RELAX MAC, I HAD SOMETHING UP MY SLEEVE ALL THE TIME. LOOK...

ANOTHER "SNACK" BLOCK—12 MORE DELICIOUS CENTRES—6 DIFFERENT FLAVOURS—YOU CAN HAVE ALL TO YOURSELF.



"SNACK" JUST LIKE A BOX OF CHOCOLATES ISN'T IT—AND ONLY 2/- BUT BOY, I'D BETTER GET STARTED BEFORE YOU TRY ANOTHER TRICK ROBBIE.



HERE ARE THE SIX FLAVOURS—STRAWBERRY CREAM, PINEAPPLE CREAM, CREAM CARAMEL, TURKISH DELIGHT, FRENCH NOUGAT, FRUIT SUNDAE.



What a combination of flavours — "CHERRY RIPE" contains ripe, real cherries and pure, milky coconut . . . lavishly coated with fragrant "Old Gold" chocolate. Great value for only **8d.**

Made by Mac Robertson

The Great Name in Confectionery

Watch for further fun with Mac the ventriloquist and his doll Robbie.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4924312

For Winter-into-Spring

● *Here are four pretty new ideas to replace last year's neat little city dress. The designs are chosen to solve the dilemma of what to wear under a coat, or without one, when the winter sun shines brightly. The dresses all have a welcome-to-spring look, interpreted by a bloused bodice top, plus more ease and width in the skirt. The hats demand attention, too. They follow some of the best spring millinery news; that the hat made in dress fabric and worn back on the head is the height of fashion when the material is polka-dotted or flowered.*

— BETTY KEEP.



BLACK-AND-WHITE-CHECK wool, new again in fashion, is chosen for this dress. The roll collar is white pique, with matching wrist-length gloves. Note the two red roses pinned high on the bodice top.



SCARLET wool jersey for shock value. Here it is belted in black and worn successfully with white accessories. The hat turned back from the face is printed grey-on-white silk. Note ear-lobe-length hair.



TURQUOISE-BLUE wool jersey, softly bloused above a white leather belt and easy skirt-line. The hat, grey polka-dots on white chiffon, is worn the new way—back from the hairline. The white umbrella is nylon.



PEARLY GREY, the newest grey around town, is teamed with dark navy and white. The bodice is easy; the skirt widens out with shaped pleats. The chic bathing-cap turban is navy crepe spotted in white.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4924313

Now! A new wonder formula for Australia's most popular shampoo

'Vaseline'
TRADE MARK

Wonder-foam



"I never wash my hair with soap. I shampoo with 'Vaseline' Wonder-foam", says lovely Victoria Shaw, co-starring with Tyrone Power and Kim Novak in Columbia's "The Eddy Duchin Story".

Here's why 'Vaseline' Wonder-foam cleans faster—and is so wonderfully gentle.



'Vaseline' Wonder-foam is based on a new, improved American formula—developed after years of study on women's hair care problems. 'Vaseline' Wonder-foam bursts into a *new kind of* lather. You feel almost instantly a thick, *soapless* foam—rich and fragrant. Tiny, active bubbles work gently on the oils of your scalp—will not dry them out—but free them of dirt, dust and dandruff.

'Vaseline' Wonder-foam rinses out quickly, completely. Your hair comes alive with its full natural colour. Perfect for oily, normal or dry hair and any shade of blonde, redhead or brunette.

Now, in the new, improved formula, 'Wonder-foam' is at all chemists in 4 sizes: small 3/3, large 4/11, Plastic bubble 1/3, and giant economy bottle 8/6.

'Vaseline'
Wonder-foam
Shampoo

A beauty product of Chesebrough-Pond's Inc.

Staisweet
Stay as sweet as you are with
Staisweet
The Deodorant you can trust
Staisweet

End discomfort of DISTURBED NIGHTS

Are you a prey to disturbed nights? Does gnawing backache keep you from enjoying peaceful sleep? These uncomfortable symptoms are frequently a sign of listless kidneys, which can also cause leg pains, puffiness under the eyes, rheumatic pains, etc. Try Doan's Backache Kidney Pills for prompt relief. They remove waste matter from the blood and promote healthy kidney action. Sufferers all over the world have gained blessed relief from Doan's. Get Doan's today!

"THE New Yorker" called recently on the Duchess of Windsor in New York, found her "cheerful and animated," and left with some fascinating items.

They included:

- The Duke says the Duchess "never stops talking sitting down, but once up she's speechless."
- The Duke's room is "always very untidy."
- On the whole, they have a "very private life" in New York, where people are used to them; and in France people are "very live-and-let-live."
- Proceeds of the Duchess' book, "The Heart Has Its Reasons," will help set up Windsor Awards for exchange fellowships for French and American painters.

The Duchess was surprised and pleased with the good reviews of the book in England because "I never know where I stand in England."

The Windsors are wary of saying where they buy things in case of free advertising. "No plugs," was her reminder when asked where they bought garden seeds.

The interviewer wrote:

"The bracelet on the Duchess' left wrist was of diamond hearts, and the one on her right wrist of diamond crosses.

"'The crosses are crosses I've had to bear,' she said. 'Each one stands for something, and so do the hearts, for pleasanter events. Rather sentimental in this hard-boiled world, isn't it?'

"The Duke came in . . . He was dressed in brown . . . We asked who his tailor was.

"'No plugs,' said the Duchess.

"'Well, I can tell you that I have my coats made in London, and my trousers made in New York . . .'

"'Pants across the sea,' said the Duchess.

"'Both my shoes come from the same place,' said the Duke, with a wink."

Worth Reporting

Women's leader off to Ceylon

BEING the leader of approximately 9,000,000 women from all over the world is a distinction held by Queenslander Mrs. A. M. Berry, O.B.E., of Charleville.

Mrs. Berry is serving her second term as president of the Associated Country Women of the World, and is presiding this month over its eighth triennial conference in Ceylon.

Ceylon is the first Asian country where country women from all over the world will meet "to teach and to learn," inspired by motives of international goodwill and service to the community at large.

When Mrs. Berry returns to Australia on July 15 she will go to Tasmania for the State C.W.A. Conference. Then she is scheduled to go to Victoria, South Australia, and the West.

* * *

THE recent Royal visit to Paris had a number of amusing sidelights.

At a boarding-school pupils played truant to see the Queen and Prince Philip on their river trip. At a late hour they returned worried, but instead of reprimands came eager questions: "Did you see the Queen? Did you enjoy yourselves?"

The banks of the Seine have a population of harmless nomads who pass their nights under the various bridges, and whose attire is hardly fashionable. The authorities mustered them, and persuaded them to stay away during the Queen's progress.

Part of the persuasion was a gift of new suits. The day after, the nomads were back, as bedraggled as ever, and their new suits were on sale at the famous "Flea Fair."



"I wanted you to have something you didn't already have."

Getting to know you — by express

MR. NEWTON H. BELL, an American with a see-the-world-in-a-flash outlook, flew into Sydney recently for a five-day whirl in Melbourne, Canberra, and the Blue Mountains, N.S.W.

He is now back in San Francisco reading books — "saturating himself with Australia" —to prepare for lecturing aboard the Matson liner Lurline, which will start a South Seas-Orient cruise in January.

Mr. Bell will tell 750 passengers, who will each pay the equivalent of about £A2000, all about Australia.

When we suggested that five days and 50 books weren't enough preparation, Mr. Bell's retort was: "A trained observer sees more in five days than a tourist sees in a month.

"I've been a professional lecturer for 29 years," he explained.

Mr. Bell hoped to collect some typical Australian stories to spice his lectures. When we met him he had found only one—about the aboriginal who was given a new boomerang and wore himself out trying to throw the old one away. We'd heard it.

An artist makes her debut at 76

A GREAT - GRAND - MOTHER born in England, who entertained the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester in Nairobi in 1950, and is now living in Granville, N.S.W., has made her debut—as an artist.

She is 76-year-old Mrs. Sylvia Harris, who recently exhibited her first year's work.

Ten years ago Mrs. Harris came to Australia to see one of her sons and his family; later she packed up and went to Nairobi to see her other son.

"He was Mayor of Nairobi," she said, "and as his wife was expecting a baby I acted as Mayoress at functions. That was how I was hostess to the Gloucesters on their trip."

We asked Mrs. Harris why she had taken up painting.

"I was a nurse for 20 years," she explained, "and you don't have much time for hobbies when you're nursing. But I decided last year it would be interesting for my old age.

"I began to despair until I read Sir Winston Churchill's book. He said that anyone can paint who wants to, so I just kept at it."

Most of Mrs. Harris' painting is done on masonite, rough or smooth side, because canvas is too expensive.

"I like to give pictures as wedding presents," she said. "Pictures are so important and young couples can rarely afford to buy any."

* * *

BIG pianos are old-fashioned, according to French piano-makers. For people with children who live in small apartments, they have made a special studio piano, measuring just a fraction more than three feet high by three wide, and 20 inches deep.

Similar records set another

● Mrs. D. M. McGorey, Box 472, P.O., Darwin, N.T., won first prize of £20 in our contest this week.

HERE is Mrs. McGorey's winning entry:

At 10 a.m. on March 25, 1925, a son was born to a young Melbourne couple and a daughter to a young Perth couple. Both babies were first children.

Each child started school at the same time, was educated at the same type of school and left in the same year with the same educational qualifications.

On January 3, 1943, the boy enlisted in the R.A.A.F., the girl in the A.W.A.S. Both were discharged in July, 1946, when they joined the Commonwealth Public Service, and, in 1947, left their separate home States to go to the Northern Territory.

How do I know? Well, when I reported for work in Darwin, I was referred to a Mr. McGorey to have my personal particulars put on record. As I gave these to him, he looked at me strangely and seemed more bewildered the more I told him.

Finally he brought out his own personal file and handed it to me with mine. They were almost identical. Right then he asked me to dinner, and in six months we married.

On our 25th birthday I awoke at dawn knowing the arrival of our own first-born was imminent. But did I have my baby on the day both its parents were exactly a quarter of a century old? No, darn it —exactly one week later!

STRANGE but TRUE

Prizes of £5 were awarded the following:

Feline felicitations

SINCE childhood I have had an intense dislike of cats, but recently, in my permanent illness and loneliness, I accepted a cute little kitten whose frivolous antics made me laugh.

Sitting before the fire one night, I fell into a very deep sleep and was awakened with a start by the cat meowing his head off and clawing at me.

Smouldering on the hem of my frock was a hot cinder. I daren't think what would have happened had the cat not awakened me.

Bless them all, I say now.

Mrs. J. Carey, 273 Connells Point Rd., Connells Point, Hurstville, N.S.W.

Cut!

ANSWERING my telephone one day, I thought my ears must be playing tricks when I heard a woman's rather strident voice say, "It will be all right for you to chop off that little finger."

I said, "I beg your pardon?" and she repeated, "It won't matter if you cut off that little finger, as it won't be noticed." I wondered if the caller was some sort of "crank," and replied, "You must have the wrong number. I don't know what you are talking about."

She said, "Oh, isn't that the Blank Photographic Studios?" She had not bothered to ask this first, and my number was almost the same as the one she wanted.

She had had some group photographs taken, and the proofs showed that they would look better if part of someone's hand were taken out of the picture!

Mrs. E. Priaulx, Wellington Tce., Fullarton, S.A.

HOW TO ENTER

WRITE your "Strange but True" experience clearly and in not more than 250 words. The story must be true and must not have been published previously. It can be amusing, sad, dramatic, or romantic.

Send your entries, giving clearly name and address, INCLUDING THE STATE, to "Strange but True," Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.

The decision of the judges will be final. No entries can be returned nor any correspondence entered into.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4924314

Here's your answer

By LOUISE HUNTER

● When girls first start being interested in boys they often treat them like beings from another planet—beings with entirely different mental processes. You will have a better time more quickly if you realise that boys, too, are sometimes shy and unsure of themselves.

HERE is a letter from a young girl who wants some help in her social life:

"I AM a 15½-year-old girl and I am very anxious to meet a 17-year-old boy who lives in the next street. On several occasions when we have happened to pass in the street he has turned round to look at me and seems interested in me. He comes from a very nice family, and my mother is keen for me to meet him. Please could you help me to get to know him?"

"Anxious Brown-eyes," Vic.

All I can suggest is a smile next time you see him. A smile gets better results than anything I know. If you are within speaking distance you could add a "good morning" or "good afternoon," but leave the rest to him.

It may take a number of smiles before he takes the situation any further, or he may just never do anything. But if you smile at him he will know you'd like to know him better.

"I AM 16½. I met a boy of about 18 last November. I liked him very much, and I think that he liked me, as he drove up about 60 miles several times to see me. He wrote to me, but owing to my forgetfulness I forgot to answer his letter. I still like him very much, and as he was not a flirt I wondered if it would be all right for me to write him a note apologising for not answering his letter and hope that he will reply."

R.D., Queensland.

You sound like a girl who would answer an invitation by saying, "Yes, thank you, I'd like to come if I have nothing better to do." There is nothing to stop your writing a belated apology to this boy. Perhaps he will answer you if he has nothing better to do, but I doubt it.



A word from Debbie . . .

THEY'VE got a word for "going steady" in California, U.S. They say you're "jacketed." And in Wisconsin the boys signify their state from the masthead of their car's aerial. A red flag means they're not going steady but would like to, a white one that they want to stay out of the romance field.

From the U.S., too, come these new slang words: "The Iviest" is a new adjective of high praise; "N.T.N." applied to anything stands for "Not too neat," and means perfection; "L7" is Texan for a square. Write it and you'll see why.

You want to end the romance with your current beau? Send him an empty envelope. That's the American way of doing it.

"COULD you give me some advice on the do's and don'ts of a box showing? I would like a few of my friends to see my box, but could not invite many as our house is only small, with no room for dancing, etc. We have a radiogram and several popular records. My fiance and two of his friends play saxophones and a button accordion, so they could add some life to the night. Or do you just have girls at a box showing? I have never been to this type of party to know just what goes on, so could you please tell me the best way out? One of my main worries is, do I do the inviting?"

"Bride-to-be," Sydney.

I think you are mixed up between a trousseau party and a shower tea. A shower tea is a kitchen, pantry, handkerchief or some such specified entertainment. These teas are generally given by a close friend, a bridesmaid, or a sister of the bride, who consults the bride about the guest-list, but who invites and entertains the friends herself. At these teas, the guests bring the bride small gifts, indicated by the type of party specified. (For instance, you take a handkerchief to a handkerchief tea.)

A trousseau tea, at which the bride shows her glory box, is given by the bride, who invites the guests. No gifts are given.

I have never heard of one to which the bridegroom and his friends are asked. I think they would be bored by the whole thing and maybe embarrassed. (Incidentally, a shower tea is often a mixed affair, given at night, when it takes the form of a mixed party with both boys and girls bringing the bride and groom small gifts.)

Girls love trousseau teas. They can be given in the morning, the afternoon, at night, whichever is most convenient. Serve afternoon or morning tea or supper, depending on the time, and simply show the girls your trousseau.

There is no entertainment girls enjoy more, specially when it is spiced with all the talk and excitement of an approaching wedding.

DISC DIGEST

UNLESS one is an inveterate opera lover, with pots of money and loads of time, the purchase of a complete opera on a set of LPs can often be a disappointment. I acquired a 5-disc set and have only had the time to play it right through without interruption twice in twelve months! As a result I have withstood the temptation to get the 4-record "Der Rosenkavalier" conducted by Erich Kleiber, but I was delighted to come across a recently issued record (OALP.7506) which presents the highlights of Richard Strauss' great opera on two sides.

Leonie Rysanek sings the arduous role of The Marschallin, the part forever associated with the name of Lotte Lehmann, and she has the polished support of Gustav Neidlinger, Elisabeth Grummer, Erika Koth, and Sieglinde Wagner (obviously a member of the famous Wagner dynasty). The Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra is conducted by Wilhelm Schuchter.

This "comedy for music" is undoubtedly the merriest opera written in the 20th century, and the sensuously beautiful melodies follow each other so closely that at the end of the disc — suitably enough a tavern scene—you'll feel almost intoxicated. The extracts recorded are Italian Singer's Aria, Baron Ochs' Scene, Marschallin's Monologue, Duet: Marschallin and Octavian. Presentation of the Silver Rose, Waltz Scene, and the Trio and Duet which lead into the Finale.

The score sparkles with Viennese waltzes, the most enchanting of them being the glorious "Rosenkavalier Waltz." Actually, the use of waltz themes is an anachronism, but a bold stroke of the composer's genius. His opera centres on Vienna court life of 1750, but in actuality the waltz didn't make its appearance until about a hundred years later. Altogether, this disc is a gem, and it comes in a cover most tastefully carried out in blue and gold. I've been enjoying it so much that I wouldn't be surprised if I weakened and bought the complete opera after all.

—BERNARD FLETCHER.



Here's the latest . . .
here's the greatest!

The Sunbeam
STEAM OR DRY IRON

loveliest to look at
easiest to use



LIGHTEST, MOST EFFICIENT OF ALL

STEAMS & HEATS FASTEST

FINGER-TIP HEAT CONTROL

LARGEST IRONING SURFACE

MOST COMFORTABLE HANDLE

with exclusive steam-flow vents that give an





These scientifically positioned steam vents and channels mean a better ironing job in less time with fewer strokes.

Join the throng of happy housewives who now use the modern, easy-going Sunbeam Steam or Dry Iron. It's a dream to use . . . a beauty to behold! When you iron the Sunbeam way, you'll reduce that weekly mountain of washing to a perfectly ironed, appearance-proud condition in less time than you ever thought possible. Ask to see the fabulous Sunbeam today . . . hold it in your hand . . . admire its gleaming appearance. You'll realise you've gained a friend for life!

Yours on EASY TERMS at your Sunbeam Dealer's

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4924315



WE'RE THE *healthiest family*

FOR MILES AROUND...

since we've changed to

OVALTINE

The EXTRA GOODNESS makes all the difference



More energy for work and play

Drink delicious Ovaltine every day. It's the world's most delicious way to get the extra nourishment you need.



Better health for young ones

The extra goodness and the extra vitamins in Ovaltine are just what kiddies need to keep them fit and healthy.



More out of life

Ovaltine builds healthy happy families who get more joy, more fun, more pleasure out of life.



Sound restful sleep

Ovaltine brings you sound, restful sleep every night . . . restores lost energy while you sleep.

ONLY OVALTINE GIVES YOU ALL THREE:-

1 The EXTRA GOODNESS of Malt, Milk and EGGS !

Malt, milk AND EGGS! This matchless combination of vital health foods is Ovaltine's special secret. Every rich granule of this superlative product has greater food value. No wonder Ovaltine gives you the glow of good health faster.

2 Fortified with EXTRA VITAMINS !

Vitamins A, B_1, D and Niacin are the vim and vigour vitamins that give you the power to get more out of life . . . that give you and your family more energy for work and play. Prove this to yourself by giving them Ovaltine every day.

3 TWO DELICIOUS FLAVOURS !

Smooth, wonderful CHOCOLATE, and rich, satisfying MALT flavours. Serve them hot or cold. M-m-m-m, they're delicious!



Prove it to yourself... Buy

OVALTINE

IT'S THE BEST—YET COSTS NO MORE

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4924316





LEFT: Arriving at school with his governess, Miss Katharine Peebles. Prince Charles is greeted by the headmaster's wife, Mrs. Townend.

ABOVE: With Prince Philip, Prince Charles and his friend, Nicholas Lamb, watch a Royal Tournament at Earls Court, London.

Concluding
BORN TO BE DIFFERENT

Princess Anne misses her schoolboy brother

A conversation the Queen had during her recent State visit to Denmark revealed that life at Buckingham Palace is not much different from that of any other home where there are two children, one of whom has started school.

By Victor Thompson and Maurice Fagence

SITTING in the Residence of Honor in Copenhagen, the Queen was chatting with Mrs. Neils Bohr, wife of the famous atomic scientist. Speaking of the Royal children, she said:

"They both understand I have to leave them and they used to miss me, but now my son has started school he has so many interests there's no time for him to be lonely. It is Princess Anne who is lost without me. And she misses her brother while he's at school."

It seems now the rumor that Princess Anne soon may be going to school herself is likely to be true.

A relation of Sir Anthony and Lady Eden has a good school for children in Kensington which has been singled out for Royal inspection. Here, ballet-dancing classes are on the curriculum as well as the three R's.

Julie Parker, daughter of Commander Michael Parker, former private secretary to Prince Philip, and Mrs. Eileen Parker, is a pupil.

The school is just round the corner from the home Michael and Eileen Parker made in Launceston Place.

Another school that is possible for Princess Anne is the Francis Holland School in Graham Terrace, Belgravia, where sisters of the little boys at Prince Charles' Knightsbridge school go.

This is a Church of England school, with Lady Cynthia Colville — aunt of the Queen's Press secretary and former Woman of the Bedchamber to Queen Mary—on the Board of Governors.

Finding a school for Princess Anne is not such a problem as deciding on one for Prince Charles, and the chances are she will not go to any school but take lessons with other children under a governess.

Meanwhile, Prince Charles continues as a day-boy at Hill House, where the motto, taken from Plutarch but taught to the boys in its English translation, is "A boy's mind is not a vessel to be filled but a fire to be kindled."

And the school song is a hymn called "Schooldays," sung to the battle tune "Battishill," by Jonathan Battishill, the composer (1738-1801). With piano accompaniment, the boys sing:

"Help us that with eager mind
We may learn both face and rule,
Patient, diligent and kind,
In the comradeship of school."

After the usual curriculum subjects in the mornings, afternoons at the school are for sport, and Prince Charles joins in all the games.

He goes to art classes, too, and has painted a ship sailing under the Tower Bridge, signing it "Charles."

At school he is called "Prince Charles." Like the other boys, he wears the cinnamon blazer and corduroy trousers, the school uniform.

Headmaster, ex-artillery Colonel H. Stuart Townend, and his wife started Hill House as a school five years ago. They began with one boy, Colonel Townend taking classes and Mrs. Townend doing the cooking. She was also the matron and helped with the teaching for two years. She still takes general knowledge and anatomy.

Few of the 110 pupils they now have—all boys, aged 5 to 10 years—were born of titled parents, and fewer still with titles, and this is the first heir to the British Throne to receive his preparatory education outside castle walls.

Prince Charles commenced as a full-time day-boy on January 28 this year.

The school bell rings at 9.30. Charles arrives at the six-story, red-brick building less than a mile away from Buckingham Palace 15 minutes before in a chauffeur-driven car.

A private detective travels with him and holds open the door as he alights. Then the Palace chauffeur drives off, and returns again at 3.45.

Inside the school, Charles hangs his overcoat on a peg marked with his name.

He was assigned on his first day to a class in the middle school appropriate to his age. When he is a little older he will be a prefect, since each boy in turn takes on prefect duties.

Next Christmas Prince Charles will act in his first play. Care is taken that every boy in the school has a part or goes on the stage.

Nobody has publicly mentioned which school Prince Charles will go on to after Hill House, but it's a much-discussed topic.

The headmaster of one famous school has said, "Prince Charles' education has brought us a lot of problems. We are turning down 200 boys a term because the name of our school has been mentioned as possible."



ABOVE: Hill House, in Knightsbridge, built in 1888, only recently became a school. Fees are £434 a term.



RIGHT: Outings with the Queen, such as this one, are rarer for the Royal children now schooldays have started.





Protect your sight with Atlas light

ATLAS

LAMPS and Fluorescent Tubes

Thorn

DISTRIBUTORS: VIC.: A. J. Ferguson & Co. Pty. Ltd., 562 Swanston St., Carlton. N.S.W.: O. Hamilton & Co., 36 Chippen St., Chippendale; T. F. Stewart & Co. Pty. Ltd., 231 Clarence St., Sydney. Q'LD.: B. Martin Pty. Ltd., 35 Charlotte St., Brisbane; Synchronome (Atlas Division) Pty. Ltd., 40 Charlotte St., Brisbane; Chandlers (Aust.) Ltd., cnr. Albert & Charlotte Sts., Brisbane. S. AUST.: Parsons & Robertson Ltd., 172-174 Pulteney St., Adelaide. W. AUST.: G. G. Martin Ltd., 832 Hay St., Perth. TAS.: Burgess Bros. Pty. Ltd., Franklin Wharf, Hobart; Electrical & Engineering Supplies Pty. Ltd., 9-13 George St., Launceston.

16127





The bra that 'breathes' right with you

Beautee-Fit
ADJUSTABAND

MADE IN AUSTRALIA UNDER LICENCE BY LA MODE

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4924317

CENTREPIECES . . .
good enough to eat



MOST people think of centrepieces exclusively in terms of flowers. But this inviting array shows a new approach to table decoration. All are simply but imaginatively composed of colorful and tempting foods, with, here and there, a sprinkling of flowers for accent.

Although these arrangements can be copied easily, they were really designed to serve as inspirational motifs. You, the imaginative hostess, should have plenty of material for centrepieces that will please the eye as well as the palate

Instead of fruit as the finale to dinner you might consider making a tiered centrepiece using a variety of cheeses and biscuits. Or you might have an hors d'oeuvres centrepiece to preface the meal.

A tiered centrepiece lined with sandwiches or canapes or cakes and pastries flanked by candles makes an arresting centrepiece for buffet service.

For height and importance in a centrepiece a tiered container is an asset. If you haven't one you can build your own, as we did for the fruit ensemble illustrated at left and also the prawn centrepiece shown at right.

Tiny baskets or low goblets holding candies or mints or sugar-frosted berry fruits clustered round the base of candlesticks look pretty on a dinner table.

Salad greens "growing" in a white tureen standing on a platter with chilled tomatoes can be the focal point of a luncheon table, or potted chives, parsley, and other herbs in a wicker basket could be used on a breakfast table.—*EVE GYE.*

SPECTACULAR TIERED CENTREPIECE (above) is made up of sparkling glass, luscious fruits, and the common fuchsia. A large compote was set on a massive plate. A flat cake-plate was mounted on the compote, another set on an upturned goblet. Then the fruit was carefully assembled. A flower-filled goblet puts the finishing touch to the ensemble. BELOW: The charm of pink roses mingling with strawberries sets the tone for dinner in the garden or on the terrace. For this elegant centrepiece a large black compote was used decorated with bugle trimming and black lacquered sprung wire. Squat candles stand in cheap, thick glasses. The strawberries can be plucked and eaten between courses or with dessert.



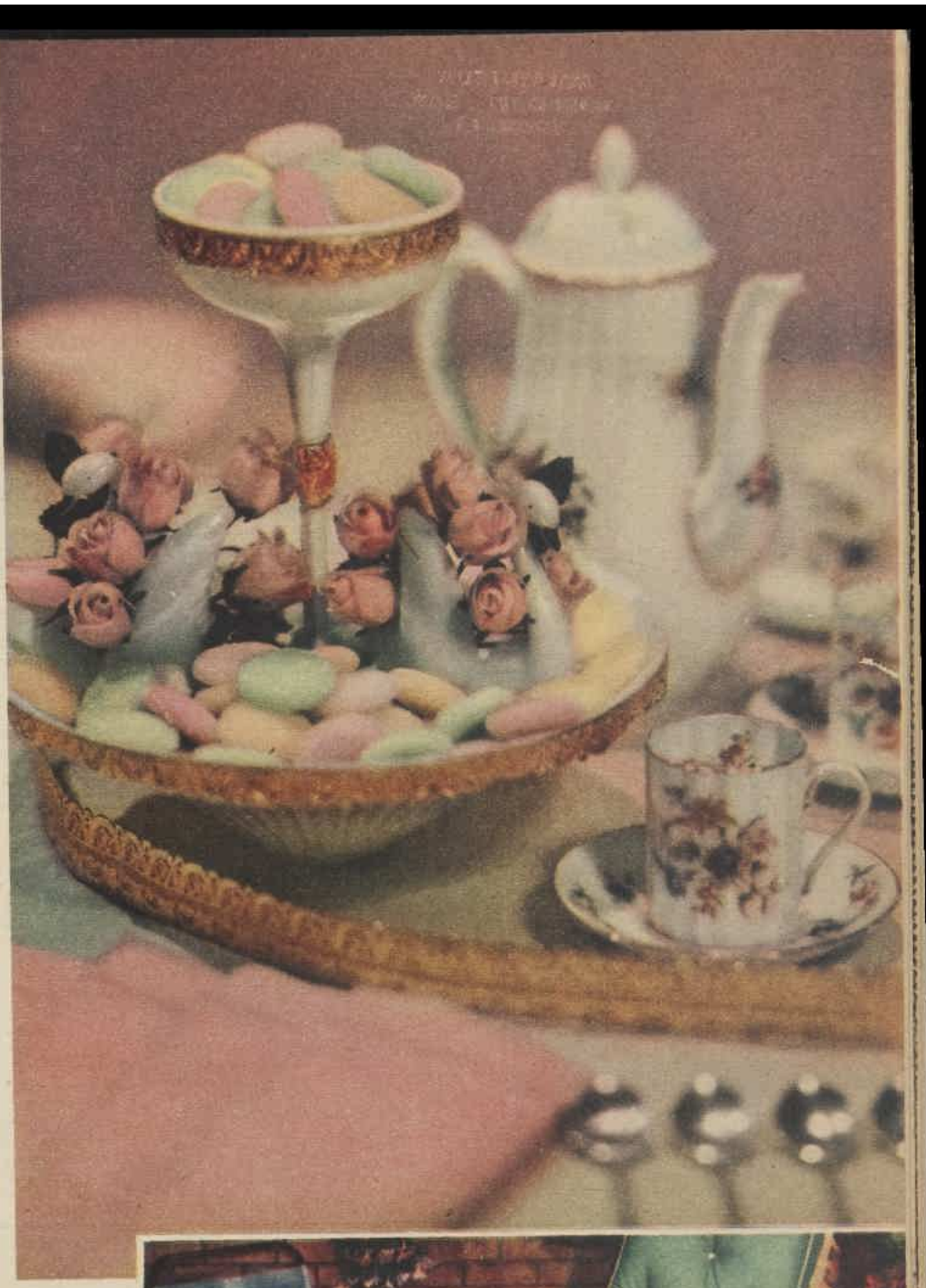


VICTORIAN BOUQUET (above): A small cabbage was used as the base to hold the pieces of fruit and vegetables for this colorful centrepiece. The inner leaves of red cabbage, cauliflowerettes, strips of red and green peppers, spears of carrot, celery, and cucumber, orange and lemon rind, button radishes, and slices of white turnip were dipped in vinegar and sprinkled lightly with salt before securing to the cabbage with cocktail sticks. Most of the bouquet is edible.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4924318



FABULOUS PRAWN TREE: An elaborate tiered stand isn't necessary for the centrepiece featured above. Plates of varying sizes standing on small jars or glasses serve beautifully. Here a cake-stand was used as the base. Each plate was coated with a half-inch thickness of cold mashed-potato salad before mounting, and then the prawns (with heads and legs removed) were pressed into the edges of the salad. Whips of parsley were used as a garnish but tiny lettuce leaves could serve. ABOVE RIGHT: Fillip for the coffee tray. This built-up container holding mints has an old-fashioned electric-light shade as a base. A painted funnel stuck on to a rod was secured at the base with modelling clay. Fancy gold paper trims the container and rose-filled swans.







MIDSUMMER DESSERT (above): Take a great big watermelon, mark and cut as shown, and scoop it out, leaving a handle of rind. Then notch the edges of the melon, set on a bed of hibiscus flowers, and fill with melon balls and grapes. Tie a hibiscus flower on to the melon handle as a decorative finishing touch. LEFT: Polished apples laced with daisies make a striking centrepiece for a luncheon table. You can have the wire-holder specially made like this one or you can use a triangular base made of pine and build up a pyramid of apples with toothpicks. Daisies go in last. Oranges may be used instead of apples.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4924319



(Right) From Book 212

The loveliest range of knitting wools ever!

From cast-on to cast-off, you know you're knitting with quality when you choose *Hughes Knitting Wools*. It's such soft, easy-to-knit wool in the loveliest range of fashion colours you've ever seen! And in *Hughes Knitting Books* you've all the season's style-leaders from Australia's top fashion designers. So, follow the fashion in hand-knitteds. Next time you buy wool, *ask to see Hughes*—the loveliest range of Knitting Wools and Books ever.



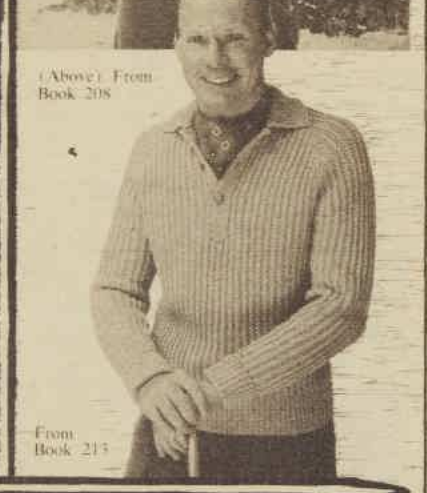
(Above) From Book 209



(Above) From Book 208



From Book 211



From Book 213

Knitting Books: 1/6 (posted 1/9)

Hughes

KNITTING WOOLS AND BOOKS

SYDNEY
TWINPRUFE
KWICKNIT
BULKYNIT
KOOBA
JUNIOR KWICKNITTING

SEND COUPON TO-DAY FOR FREE COPY OF "Hughes Style Guide, 1957 Designs"

To: F. W. Hughes Pty. Ltd. (Dept. 16),
30 Grosvenor Street, Sydney.
Please send me a free copy of "Hughes Style Guide, 1957 Designs."

NAME

ADDRESS

H.16.57

DRESS SENSE By Betty Keep

● The coverall apron (illustrated at right) is chosen for a young country housewife who writes that aprons are expensive to buy ready-made, and asks for a pattern to fit a 38in. bust.

HERE is her letter and my reply:

"COULD you possibly let me have a paper pattern for a decent-sized apron? These days, like everything else, an apron has become expensive to buy ready-made. Would it be possible perhaps to use two materials for the apron, as I often have odd bits left over from other garments?"

The apron design you inquired about is illustrated at right. It is a good, practical size, and the contrasting trim makes it quite a pretty garment. You can obtain a paper pattern for 3/- in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Under the picture are further details and how to order.

"I AM sure my problem is one you have many inquiries about, and I hope you will help me. I want an outfit I can wear for the street and also in the late afternoon. The fabric I have is 5 yards of 54in. light wool in a pretty pinky beige."

A camisole-top sheath-dress and matching waist-length jacket will solve your fashion problem. Have the sheath beltless and the jacket finished with set-in wrist-length sleeves and a large peter-pan collar. The sheath will be perfect for late-day, and, dressed up with its jacket, gives you a smart all-day ensemble.

"WOULD you please suggest color, material, and styles for casual separates suitable for weekend wear? I want the set to include trousers, skirt, blazer, and a blouse."

Wool jersey is a currently popular fabric for casual fashions, and I don't think you could have anything smarter for your separates. For the color choice, I suggest red for slacks and skirt, bright blue for blazer, and pale beige for the blouse. The blazer, to look new, should be short (hip-bone length) and collarless, with an easy fit a la Chanel. With this type of blazer, a slender-line skirt is the best choice, but have a low kick-pleat at the back for easy walking. Have the blouse cut like a casual man-tailored shirt, finished with long sleeves and double cuffs. The newest length for slacks is ankle-bone.

"WOULD it be correct to have a navy wool suit finished with a white pique collar? I am 16, and of medium build."

A navy wool suit with a white pique collar would look very young and slick. I suggest a short jacket (waist-length) buttoning up to a high, round double-collar—one collar made in the suit material and one in white pique. Wear the suit with short white pique gloves, and if you wear a hat make it a white sou'-wester.



DS251.—Apron in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 1 3-8th yards 36in. material, 7-8th yard 36in. contrast, and 1¼yds. rick-rack braid. Price 3/-. Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Beauty in brief:

Your best foot forward

By CAROLYN EARLE

● The human foot is an extremely delicate piece of machinery which is often neglected, especially by women.

HOWEVER, a bit of care now will prevent some of those troublesome ailments like corns, swellings on the heels, and even bunions.

For instance, there is the simple expedient of wearing stockings that you can pull a half inch or so beyond the foot. Short stockings are cramping; this leeway frees the toes to lie flat.

Walking round the room on the outer margins of the feet has a strengthening effect. Vary this by walking on the heels; then turn the toes in, and walk tiptoe for a while.

When calluses appear on the soles, it usually means that shoes, or posture, or both are wrong. Relieve the area with special pads, or soak your feet and treat them with pumice.

Meanwhile, make a point of slicking up your posture, just for the fun of it.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4924320

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

AS I READ THE STARS

by Eve Hilliard

For week beginning July 1

Your Sign	Your Luck	Your Job	Your Home	Your Heart	Socially
ARIES The Ram MARCH 21 — APRIL 20	★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, mauve. Gambling colors, mauve, black. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. Luck on your doorstep.	★ If a voluntary worker, you may resign from an organisation because you need a spell. If in paid employment you may have extra time off. Otherwise merely routine.	★ Are you a gadgeteer? Labor-saving devices appearing each week more than justify the modest purchase price. Have a look in town and you'll be thrilled.	★ Some will attend a party at a friend's home, where a newcomer may be presented to you. Since you hit it off right away, romance might lift its head.	★ Don't go out after other people let them come to you. For many of you this is likely to be a quiet interlude between two outbursts of activity.
TAURUS The Bull APRIL 21 — MAY 20	★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, any pastel. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Monday, Sunday. Luck at journey's end.	★ Work may take you on journeys. Correspondence and interviews keep you busy. Be wide awake and alert to cross-currents in business.	★ When money is limited the smart woman uses her brains. This week you may extend your domestic skills into a new field and discover that a new hobby pays.	★ Tact may be needed to reconcile the beloved to the presence and possibly gossip of a person he heartily dislikes. Do not repeat the comments of this person.	★ The grapevine telegraph may bring interesting news which will influence your life. Be guarded in correspondence. Write only what may be quoted safely.
GEMINI The Twins MAY 21 — JUNE 21	★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, white. Lucky days, Monday, Friday. Luck in a business transaction.	★ Some plump for more pay and succeed in getting a fatter pay envelope. Others obtain a slight improvement in working conditions. Keep your demands within reason.	★ You are out to get what you want and hang the expense! Only the best is good enough for you. You turn away from substitutes and gratify a wish.	★ You and the one you love best may be asked to help raise funds for charity. You may both be on a dance committee or draw your crowd into helping.	★ Since you are working with others this week, don't play a lone hand. Gain support for ideas. Financing a social project could be ticklish.
CANCER The Crab JUNE 22 — JULY 22	★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, yellow. Gambling colors, yellow, brown. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Luck in a personal matter.	★ Self-confidence is the key to success. The hesitant person will neither impress the boss of the works nor the chairman of a committee.	★ Should you undertake to make your home express your personality the task will not be difficult or expensive. Don't attempt to memorise colors.	★ If a boy, don't leave the maiden in suspense. Show her she's wonderful. If a girl, give him every opportunity to perceive he has made a big hit with you.	★ Stand on your own feet. Leaning posts will not stand the strain, so don't ask favors or make heavy demands on friends. You should attain at least partial success.
LEO The Lion JULY 23 — AUGUST 22	★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, navy-blue. Lucky days, Monday, Thursday. Luck in a surprise packet.	★ Tasks may isolate you temporarily from your workmates. You are set at a special job or you volunteer for a piece of drudgery. Skim through at speed.	★ Perhaps the outside world has been harsh. Wounded feelings need the sympathetic atmosphere of home and family. A quiet interlude should be welcome.	★ Pals have a glorious time together. Suddenly, one day, you know it's love and both of you grow shy, perhaps self-conscious. That's a passing phase.	★ Welfare and community efforts on behalf of those in hospitals, the aged, or any who need help in connection with disabilities will be rewarded.
VIRGO The Virgin AUGUST 23 — SEPTEMBER 23	★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, black. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday. Luck in sports and pastimes.	★ Youth is favored. You may obtain a job through the efforts of a pal or receive a letter of introduction. Otherwise, much fun and social interests through your work.	★ Many of you streak off to town to sports, games, and pastimes. Ironing, pots and pans can wait while the homemaker has an outing to a gay occasion.	★ Invitations from a charmed circle, the chance to shine socially with your beloved could give you a new set of interests which bring poise and practical advantages.	★ A tight schedule awaits both the young and those no longer quite so young. Games, record sessions, possibly amateur acting or singing are tops.
LIBRA The Balance SEPTEMBER 24 — OCTOBER 23	★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, light blue. Gambling colors, light blue, grey. Lucky days, Monday, Saturday. Luck through those in authority.	★ Perhaps you are on the spot at the right moment or you make a hit with your boss. In some way your prestige and general standing are on the up and up.	★ Your home may be on parade all this week. If anxious to impress others with your domestic efficiency, keep food reserves in refrigerator and pantry.	★ Move cautiously among new friends. Don't jump to conclusions or consider them highbrat. It takes time to know worthwhile people.	★ Move cautiously among new friends. Don't jump to conclusions or consider them highbrat. It takes time to know worthwhile people.
SCORPIO The Scorpion OCTOBER 24 — NOVEMBER 22	★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, red. Gambling colors, red, green. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Luck in the printed word.	★ Many of you will be surrounded by books, eager to learn from them. Don't take stock in hearsay. Go straight to the standard authority. Discover the best methods.	★ Either you receive a visitor from a distance or a letter comes which will stir the household into a whirlwind of preparation for guests or some other event.	★ Should the scheme of the one-and-only to please you backfire, don't blame him but accept the good intention. The blundering young male needs appreciation.	★ A voyage of discovery need not take you overseas. Explore your home town. If you plan an all-day journey, why not learn some facts about places you visit.
SAGITTARIUS The Archer NOVEMBER 23 — DECEMBER 20	★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, navy-blue. Gambling colors, navy-blue, green. Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday. Luck in a little windfall.	★ A feather in your cap for clever management. You probably come out better in your bookkeeping than you expected and decide to indulge in a luxury.	★ Scrutinise household bills carefully. Several small errors could add up to quite a sum. It's wise to count your change. Get your savings scheme working smoothly.	★ Sharing a small secret with the beloved can be wonderful. Don't spoil it. He may take a step up the career ladder. You'll be the first to know it!	★ If anxious to finish a job which you are enjoying you may cut down on the social round in order to paint the kitchen or finish a jumper.
CAPRICORN The Goat DECEMBER 21 — JANUARY 19	★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, silver. Gambling colors, silver, gold. Lucky days, Tuesday, Thursday. Luck through the opposite sex.	★ Harmonious relationships with those around you could lead to the launching of a most attractive scheme which is likely to be widely discussed.	★ The arrival of a blessed event will gladden the hearts of many. In other cases a twenty-first birthday party may be celebrated. The family is affectionate.	★ Take him home so the family can give him the once over. Parental approval means further invitations, inclusion in family parties and more outings.	★ Your crowd may prefer amusements which have no great appeal to you. You may have to go alone if you hope to follow your own devices.
AQUARIUS The Waterbearer JANUARY 20 — FEBRUARY 19	★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. Gambling colors, brown, green. Lucky days, Wednesday, Thursday. Luck with your job.	★ Routine tasks may be tiresome but require no nervous tension, and can slide along serenely. Job-hunters find suitable but unexciting openings.	★ You'll drive yourself hard, but the reward is worth it. This could mean a housecleaning of boxes and cupboards or a slimming campaign and a new look for you.	★ Romance may begin at the staff club. If you work in a large building, you run across each other frequently. He'll turn out better than he looks.	★ Those who have recently launched an enterprise will be happy building it up. You may receive unexpected assistance from a new quarter.
PISCES The Fish FEBRUARY 20 — MARCH 20	★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, green. Gambling colors, green, white. Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday. Luck in a mild speculation.	★ Those who turn work into play should be happy this week. Everything clicks. Several minor snags turn out to be blessings in disguise. Youth-workers are favored.	★ Younger members of the household may need special consideration for one reason or another. Simple hospitality or the playing of new games make home happy.	★ Is that new friend rushing you? Does he crave every moment of your spare time? Make him slow down a bit. Don't fall into his arms like a ton of bricks.	★ Noisy amusements, lively parties, excursions into new territory, possibly a speculative flutter in company with several friends, could add up to an exciting total.

New answer to Australian road problems



You can traffic-test any of these Volkswagens today — just call into your VW distributor.

TRAFFIC congestion mounts with every new car registration. Shortage of loan funds is taking its toll of city and country roads.

Facing these problems squarely Volkswagen engineers have taken the initiative and produced vehicles which can take the hammering of the worst roads; manoeuvre with ease in peak-hour traffic; park in small spaces; reduce petrol consumption.

Volkswagen achieves all this, with no loss in passenger or transport loads, legal cruising speeds, and safety. Revolutionary design is the reason!

Now — read these pen sketches of the vehicles in the Volkswagen fleet — discover why there's a Volkswagen for **your** motoring need.

1. Volkswagen Kombi Van: Three vehicles in one. Gives you all the advantages of a station waggon, panel van and nine-seater car. £1,198 inc. sales tax (seats are an optional extra — £68).

2. Volkswagen Family Sedan: Torsion bar suspension on all four wheels. Rear engine air-cooled — no radiator repairs! Finest visibility all-round. Only £971 inc. sales tax.

3. Volkswagen Delivery Van: ⅔ of vehicle is load space — 170 cu. ft. Payload of 1,830 lbs.; floor entirely flat. Price £1,170 inc. sales tax.

4. Volkswagen Pick-up, welcomed by cost-conscious businessmen, hauls 1,764 lb. payload at 50 m.p.h., averages 30 m.p.g., 65 sq. ft. of tray space — more tray space than bulkier, less manoeuvrable, less economical trucks. Price £1,114 inc. sales tax. (Tarpaulin and bows, £38 extra.)

Volkswagen Micro-bus: Carries nine people in great comfort. 30 m.p.g. Space for 16 average-size suitcases. Air-conditioned; full view windows. Price £1,341 inc. sales tax.

All VW's have a built-in heating system — at no extra cost!

Volkswagen did not enter the Australian market until it had set up first class service facilities. Now it has distributors in each State, and over 160 service agents throughout the Commonwealth. Unique service booklets quote service prices in advance — workshops are completely equipped. Mechanics work with VW designed tool-kits; spare parts are cheap, and always in full supply.

SERVICE

VOLKSWAGEN (AUST.) PTY. LTD.

Distributors in all States and a Commonwealth-wide network of service.

V57-5

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4924321





Thick Vegetable Soup - NINE VEGETABLES IN BEEF STOCK — DELICIOUS MEAL IN ITSELF

You've just struggled home . . . aching feet . . . a heavy basket — but, in a jiffy, a delicious hot treat is ready to warm you with nourishing goodness. It's Continental brand Thick Vegetable Soup! Look — peas, carrots, tomatoes, parsnips, onions, cabbage, turnips, all in a hearty beef stock — real home-made flavour. Just the thing for a satisfying quick-to-fix lunch.



"These hearty nourishing Vegetable Soups by Continental have that fresh home-cooked goodness"

SAYS BETTY KING HOME ECONOMIST OF WORLD BRANDS





Tomato Vegetable Soup - MADE FROM FIVE GARDEN-FRESH VEGETABLES IN RICH TOMATO STOCK

A cosy family evening by the fire, or looking at TV . . . "What's for supper, Mum?" A matter of minutes, and Mum has bowls of hot, grand-tasting Continental brand Tomato Vegetable Soup for all! Just taste those garden-fresh vegetables in rich tomato stock! Golden egg noodles, too! Serve tasty Continental brand soup next supper-time.

ANY WEATHER, DAY OR NIGHT, PICK A CONTINENTAL BRAND SOUP TO START THE MEAL OFF RIGHT



C2.8.WWFPC

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4924322

FILM FAN-FARE

Conducted by AINSLIE BAKER

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

"The shiralee" returns

● Travel abroad and three months' contact with film stars and directors haven't greatly changed Australia's youngest film star—8-year-old Dana Wilson of "The Shiralee" fame.

THE only obvious signs are a tendency to expect all men to smoke cigars, the possession of a "ball dress," and the frequent use of "yep" and "great."

When I met Dana on her return from England where indoor shots of "The Shiralee" were filmed, she hospitably raised a glass of soda water and said, "Cheers."

It was the first time I had seen her since I visited the film unit on location at Scone, N.S.W., last year.

In the picture (based on the best-seller by Australian author D'Arcy Niland) Dana plays Peter Finch's small daughter, Buster, his shiralee (burden), whom he takes with him on his tramp through the outback looking for work.

When the Australian sequences of the film were finished, Dana and her mother returned with the unit to England for work at Elstree.

Reflecting her new film-star status, Dana submitted this as her favorite menu: Chicken, peaches and pink junket, soda water.

But unlike many film stars, Dana does not forget old friends. When I asked her whom she would like to play with in her next picture, she replied instantly, "Jim Gray."

Jim is a silver-haired veteran stunt-man who was Dana's Prince Charming off set during the making of "The Shiralee."

"Once when Mr. Norman was cross with me, Jim nearly cried," she said admiringly.



SCHOOLGIRL film star Dana gets on with her homework under the watchful eye of her brother, Laurence, who is 11. Dana, 8, goes to the Holy Innocents' Convent School.

Leslie Norman is the director of "The Shiralee."

"Nonsense," said her mother briskly.

"Yep. He did. Jim's great," insisted his admirer.

"By the way, how was Mr. Norman when you last saw him?" I asked.

"Oh, great," replied Dana, with all the ease of a fashionable hostess.

James Mason was also great. Dana saw him in the Elstree dressing-room corridor, and introduced herself by saying that he had a little girl like her.

A regular Saturday matinee film-goer, Dana is intensely patriotic. Her favorite stars are Victoria Shaw ("she has long hair," Dana said reverently) and Colin "Smiley" Petersen.

"I've seen 'Smiley' twice. It's great."

On these Saturday afternoons, the young film star spends her entire weekly allowance of 2/- in one glorious burst — ice-cream, soft drink ("the middle size"), and a giant lolly renowned for its lasting qualities.

If she couldn't make a film with her hero, Jim Gray, she would like it to be with "Smiley."



DANA WILSON poses for this delightful child study in the one "little-girl" dress she wears in her coming film, "The Shiralee." She would like to wear it at the premiere.

"It would be great," she said. "And I would be a princess with a crown and a lot of proper little girl's dresses."

During most of "The Shiralee" Dana wears overalls and a battered cabbage-tree hat.

"And as I was about to tell you," she added, "I'd have long hair. I'm very disgusted with short hair."

Dana lives with her mother, her brother, Laurence (11), and her grandfather in the Sydney suburb of Croydon.

Her ambition? To be a film star with long hair.

"The Shiralee" will have its Australian premiere shortly. And "the shiralee," who hasn't yet seen herself on the screen, will be there wearing — she hopes—her ball dress.

But whether she wears this or the overalls and cabbage-tree hat, as the film company may want her to, one thing is certain.

No one in the audience will enjoy the film more than Dana Wilson, "The Shiralee" herself.

A MILLION POUNDS A MONTH

We lend £1,000,000 a month to finance the purchase or erection of new homes. Naturally, we help our **OWN** customers first—keep your account with the Commonwealth Savings Bank and share the benefits we offer

IT'S NOT EASY TO GAIN YOUR OWN HOME

BUT

WITH OUR HELP 500 FAMILIES ARE DOING IT EVERY MONTH

THEY SAVED—SO CAN YOU

WITH THE

COMMONWEALTH SAVINGS BANK OF AUSTRALIA

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4924323

Spencer and Katie team up again



1957. Spencer and Katie, now aged 55 and 47 respectively, as they appear together in their just-completed film, "The Desk Set," a romantic comedy-drama about modern business women. It's the eighth film they have made together over a period of 16 years' professional and personal association. It is a Hollywood record.

Co-stars for 16 years finish new film

● Spencer and Katie — the old team — are together again. It was 16 years ago when, as an awkward, staccato-talking young actress and a stocky, sandy-haired tough guy, they made their first film together. That was "Woman of the Year."

THEY have just completed their eighth co-starring film, a romantic comedy-drama, "The Desk Set," for 20th Century-Fox.

In the intervening years their enduring professional relationship and private friendship have become a Hollywood legend.

Today, at 55, Spencer's once sandy hair has changed to white, and Katie, too, shows signs of the passing years.

A lonely, sometimes difficult woman who has always created her own fashions and been impatient of public opinion, Katie, at 47, prowls the world's capitals, making a film here, doing a stage play there.

And always, when it is possible, her old friend will join her.

Katie is uncharacteristically nervous when she has a stage play in rehearsal, and Spencer usually tries to be with her for a little. He watched the early rehearsals of the Shakespearian plays which Katie brought to Australia in 1955.

But these two highly individual people who find such enjoyment in each other's company cannot be together very often.

Spencer has been married for many years to former actress Louise Treadwell.

In the 'thirties they became legally separated, but the shared problem of their son John, who was born deaf, brought them together again.

After that there was no more talk of the marriage breaking up.

Katie has never owned a Hollywood house, and when there rents John Barrymore's gloomy old mansion and drives a rented car. John was the star of her first picture, "A Bill of Divorcement," made in 1932.

She won't give Press interviews while working on a film, hires professionals to play tennis and golf with her, and has come to be accepted as a Hollywood "character."

Her only constant companion is her secretary, an elderly lady named Miss Wilborn, whom she "inherited" from the late grand dame actress Constance Collier.

All the same, she has friends and is loyal to them.

Humphrey Bogart was a man whose friendship she treasured. Director George Cukor, who kept his faith in her at the time she was labelled "box-office poison," is another. One of her few women friends is actress Ethel Barrymore.

Tracy in his own way is as little socially minded as Katie, and he is a rare sight at a Hollywood premiere or at a nightclub.

Once in a while he'll appear in public, but it's when he feels like it, and there isn't a man powerful enough in Hollywood to make him attend anything he doesn't want to attend.

In past years Spencer was one of the film colony's most active polo players, but now he's content to sprawl in a chair and read a book.

Last year, on location in Cuba for Ernest Hemingway's "Old Man and the Sea," he had an illness that for a while looked like being serious.

Katie has been married once—to Ludlow Smith, whom she married at 18 and divorced at 24.

Since then the only man to have played an important part in her life has been Spencer Tracy.



1943. A not-so-different Spencer and a very young-looking Katie emote beside a posh silver tray in a drama, "Keeper of the Flame."



1945. Katie, with a wartime hair-do and fringed gown, and Tracy co-star in the film "The World and His Wife."



1949. With Tracy's hair already whitening, the pair play together in "Adam's Rib," a rip-roaring comedy.



1952. Now completely white-haired, Spencer, the hard-boiled trainer, gives Katie, the wonder girl athlete, a workout in "Pat and Mike," one of the most charming films they have made together.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4924324

ANGERED over Katie's refusal to accept his proposal of marriage in this scene from "The Desk Set," Gig Young accuses Spencer Tracy of being to blame. Most of the action takes place in the offices of a big New York broadcasting company. "Desk Set" is in CinemaScope.





LEFT. Tracy, an efficiency expert who has recently joined the staff, shocks his secretary with plans for an office Christmas party.

ABOVE. Katie, in festive mood, breaks down and tells sympathetic Joan Blondell all about her new romance in this film sequence.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4924325

ALLEN'S FAMOUS BUTTER MENTHOLS



The butter soothes the throat while the menthol clears the head. 8d. Everywhere.

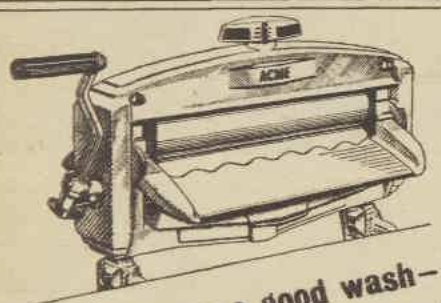


NOW! 2 quick ways to pleasant relief... from coughs, colds, sore throats!



ALLEN'S
NEW CHERRY MENTHOLS
Enjoy the full flavour of cherry while the menthol relieves the cold. 8d. Everywhere.

14A71



You've done a good wash— now make it even better!

However well you wash your clothes, the final results still depend on the wringing. And only Acme wringing makes it certain that washday after washday your clothes will be as clean, crisp and sparkling as ever you could desire. Five million women already know this. Whether they use a washing machine, sink or tub, they all say

However you wash—
you should have
ACME wringing

Factory Representatives: J. CHALEYER & COMPANY
Pioneer House, 353 Flinders Lane, MELBOURNE, C.1.

Manufactured by ACME WRINGERS LTD DAVID ST GLASGOW S E SCOTLAND

Insist on
VENCATACHELLUM
THE WORLDS BEST CURRY

Drama of radio and TV



1 INSTRUCTIONS for handling a memorial show to Fuller, the network's dead top star, are given commentator Harris (Ferrer), right.

★ One way and another there is a good deal of off-beat casting about Universal's drama of the American radio and TV world, "The Great Man," whose star and director is Jose Ferrer.

Recording songstress Joanne Gilbert plays a straight role as Jose's secretary, veteran comedian Ed Wynn has his first dramatic part, and real-life bandleader Russ Morgan plays the leader of a radio-TV orchestra.

Dean Jagger and Keenan Wynn are others in the cast. Incidentally, this is the film in which Julie London sings her now famous "The Meaning of the Blues."



2 STUDYING mourning crowds passing the bier of the dead star, Harris realises the extent of the adulation accorded the man he's investigating.



3 INSIDE truth about the deceased radio and TV personality, Herb Fuller, begins to emerge as Harris, in gathering material for the memorial show, talks and listens to network Press agent Cellantano (Jim Backus).



4 ALCOHOLIC singer Carol Larson (Julie London), after exposing Fuller for the heel he was, demands a kiss from Harris as her payment.



5 BATTLEFRONT recording, Fuller's only work of real value, is proved to be a fake after station manager Moore (Keenan Wynn) and Harris tape an interview with a man who knows the recording was a studio job.



6 BROODING over the question as to whether he will preserve the legend or reveal the true man his investigations have brought to light, Harris confides in his secretary, Ginny (Joanne Gilbert). He decides he will preserve the legend.



7 MEMORIAL show begins as planned, then Harris drops the script, tells the true story, and overnight becomes a national celebrity.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4924326

Continuing

A Small Tiara

from page 19

to put her where she belonged and this was not under a tiara, however small.

She unpacked her shopping bag on the kitchen table, where the tiara looked embarrassingly frivolous among the rest of her purchases. She was visited by an unexpected but powerful instinct to hide it without delay.

She emptied one of the paper carriers, slipped the tiara inside it, and sped upstairs. She glanced round the bedroom and decided that her guilty prize would best escape notice if placed at the bottom of her underwear drawer. She concealed it suitably, then shut the drawer slowly and thoughtfully.

The sound of the key in the front door startled her. She ran downstairs as her husband closed the door behind him. She hesitated at the bottom of the stairs and viewed his tall, solid shape, thinking, as she often did, how attractive he was in his middle years. Then she ran forward and lifted a pink and faintly alarmed face to him.

He drew her to him and kissed her. "Who's chasing you?" he asked.

"You're early, Greg. I'm only just back from town."

"Of course, the shopping spree. How did it go?"

"Fine," said Mary, "fine. But, Greg . . ."

"Yes?"

"Greg, I'm afraid I was awfully extravagant. I . . ." she paused, considering how best to say, "I've bought a tiara." She found that she could not bring herself to say it all. She said instead, "I bought Margaret a cashmere sweater. It's lovely, but it was expensive."

He smiled at her. "Quite right and proper, darling. It's a present, after all, and a sixteenth birthday is something."

"That's what I thought," she agreed. "And it's a beautiful color. Come and look before Margaret gets in." She took his hand and led him to the kitchen. The tiara was forgotten.

She remembered it when she went to bed and again in the morning when she woke up. On both occasions her natural candor was strong in her and she would have liked—quite casually—to have shown the tiara to Greg. But nothing in her experience had prepared her for being casual about tiaras and she could not bring herself to the point.

Margaret had something to say about her birthday at breakfast. "If," she said, her round face innocently covetous, "I should happen to be given a sweater for my birthday, it would be bliss if it were blue."

Yesterday this would have been a signal for Mary to smile delightedly and to claim, with an intensity that deceived nobody, that if Margaret received a sweater, which was doubtful, it was most unlikely to be a blue one. But the skills of genuine underhandedness are learned quickly, and today Mary's expression did not alter as, with consummate cunning, she drew her daughter's attention to the clock.

"I'll have to fly," said Margaret and fled.

"You did that very well, Mary," applauded Greg. "We shall find you keeping a secret yet."

Alone, Mary tried on the tiara. It sat very well on her crisply waving hair. It looked a shade florid in the clear morning light but she reflected that artificial light and glamorous surroundings would readily correct this fault.

Why, a little circlet like that would look nothing at an embassy reception or even a film premiere! True, she had not so far attended one of these functions, but there was a first time for everything.

She walked up and down past the long looking-glass and was gratified to see how much her carriage was improved by the necessity for holding her head erect. It seemed a pity that Greg could not see her looking as she did now.

There was no reason why he should not, of course. She had simply to glide into his presence and say: "How do you like my new tiara?" The same technique as showing a new hat!—easier, if done with insouciance.

Mary sighed. She knew that insouciance was exactly what she lacked when it came to showing new tiaras. She removed hers from her head and restored it to its hiding-place.

She rationalised the business over a mid-morning cup of coffee. First, she had bought a tiara. Second, since there was no embassy reception or film premiere in view, it was not going to be useful.

Very well; the tiara would have to be written off as a bad buy. It must remain where it was, unless a superior hiding-place could be found, and forgotten.

She could not dismiss a faint but abiding guilt, which she sought to ease by cooking Greg's favorite dishes and washing the curtains and covers in Margaret's room.

Her regular visit to the hairdresser was her undoing. When asked if her hair was to be set as usual, she surprised herself by saying, "I was thinking of something different this time. A style that would carry a . . ."

Mary stopped. "I mean," she continued, "the sort of style that would be suitable, for wearing . . . well . . . a kind of circlet-y thing on."

"A circlet-y thing?" repeated her hairdresser, clearly nonplussed.

"I was thinking of a tiara," acknowledged Mary, now thoroughly desperate. "A very small one, of course."

"We could give you our diadem styling, Mrs. Grover, if you wanted it."

"I do want it," Mary said firmly. She met the hairdresser's keenly inquiring look and added, "For fancy dress, you know." The lie was launched like a liner, smoothly, beautifully. Mary did not even color.

"Oh, I see, Mrs. Grover. I'll make it the diadem, then. I'll have to cut it a bit."

As soon as she arrived home she sped upstairs, threw off her outdoor clothes and went to her underwear drawer. She set the tiara on her head and anxiously viewed the result.

As she gazed at herself a queenly smile dawned on her face. She secured the tiara with the small clips supplied by her hairdresser and it now felt, as she phrased it to herself, as if it were glued on.

It seemed a pity to take it off.

She wore it while preparing the vegetables and, in fact, had only just returned it to its cache in the underwear drawer when Margaret arrived home.

"You've done something to your hair," her daughter said accusingly. "You look different. Smarter different. Not so much like you, Mummy."

"Good," Mary said cheerfully. "I'm a bit tired of looking like me."

"People at school say you're not unsmashing about the face," Margaret said.

Mary started. "Good gracious! Why didn't you tell me before?"

"There wasn't any need when you weren't trying to change yourself, was there?"

"No, I suppose not."

Margaret wandered towards the kitchen.

Alone in the sitting-room, Mary stared at herself in the wall mirror. She did look different but, surely, quite nice? She followed Margaret to the kitchen. The sound of her daughter's voice halted her at the door. It was a voice that was dulcet and warm with ardour.

Mary stepped cautiously.

"And I do love thee," murmured Margaret throbbingly. Her voice deepened. "Therefore go with me," she added persuasively.

"Margaret!" Mary said loudly and pushed open the door. Margaret was busy with a stack of bread and butter slices. "Yes, Mummy?" she asked without looking up.

"Who . . . I thought I heard you talking?"

"I expect I was just nattering to Bramble," Margaret said airily.

"The dog isn't in the room." Mary spoke sternly, for there is no prompter critic of underhandedness than a successful novice in the art.

"Neither he is," Margaret agreed cheerfully. "I've cleared up the anchovy paste."

Mary was prepared to counter this evasiveness but the sound of her husband's key in the door sent her into the hall. She felt thankful for Greg, so open, so utterly reliable.

"Greg, darling!" she cried enthusiastically.

"'Lo, Mary . . ." He stopped, his hat halfway to the hall-stand. "Good heavens, what have you done to yourself? You're different."

"Worse different?" asked Mary patiently.

"No . . . not exactly. You look good all right, but a bit less of a cuddlebunch."

She stared in astonishment. "Greg, did I really look like what you said?"

"A cuddlebunch? Very much so."

"I wish you'd told me."

"Never occurred to me to mention it."

"No," Mary said soberly. She was reflecting that it was unfair of Greg to withhold the vital fact of her cuddlebunchiness and to drive her, however obliquely, to seeking to improve herself with tiaras.

"I've got to go out." Margaret announced at the end of the evening meal. "Could I be excused from drying the dishes?"

"All right," agreed Mary. With no secret in her underwear drawer she would have added a frank "Where?" Now she merely murmured, "Anywhere interesting?" and most capably disguised her eagerness for the reply.

"Nowhere special," Margaret answered, equally capably.

She returned home well before ten o'clock looking bright-eyed and a little remote. Mary followed her into the kitchen.

"Have a nice time, dear?" she asked hopefully.

"Lovely. I'm starving."

Margaret selected an apple from a bowl of fruit on the dresser and, with her first enormous bite, indicated that she was not prepared to talk. Mary, routed, returned to Greg.

"You don't think Margaret could be in love, do you?" she asked in frightened tones.

"But she's only a child, Mary! Still . . . what makes you think she might be?"

"Nothing much," admitted Mary. "I heard her talking to herself and . . . Well, I suppose it's simply that she's behaving as if she's got something up her sleeve."

"Most people have," Greg said briskly. "You mustn't expect everybody to be as above board as you are, darling."

"But I'm not," cried Mary. "I'm terribly crafty."

Before she fell asleep that night Mary dealt squarely with the subject of the tiara. Before another day passed she must either display it openly or get rid of it.

When the others had left the house she took her secret out of its hiding and eyed it severely. Yet even while she looked, her gaze softened and a minute or so later the tiara was riding proudly on her erectly held head.

Her resolution faltered. Was there any reason, after all, why she should not keep the object as a posture-improving apparatus? Other people used backboards, chest-expanders, and the like and felt no shame.

Reassured, she allowed the ornament to remain on her head and went about her work in a cheerful spirit. She was delighted to note that her tendency to stoop over the sink was being corrected and, when presently she returned the corrector to her underwear drawer, her conscience slept like a well-fed baby.

That evening Margaret telephoned that she would not be in to dinner. She offered no explanation at the time nor was one forthcoming when she arrived home. Mary, uneasily discreet, longed to question her but forbore. Greg, however, stepped in like an elephant sure of its welcome. "Where have you been, Maggie?" he inquired.

"I'm not telling," Margaret said, nevertheless shooting him a very friendly glance.

"All right, all right. I'm not pressing you," agreed Greg, and the matter rested.

But not for Mary. Her conscience woke up and screamed. A young girl, it presently insisted, ought to be made to tell where she had been and any mother worth her salt would make a point of it. And if a mother had a secret of her own. . . .

"I'll get rid of that tiara tomorrow," Mary vowed to herself.

The telephone rang and Margaret flew to answer it. "It's for you, Mummy. Mrs. Morland."

Mary sighed. Ethel Morland seldom rang unless she had news to impart, usually disagreeable. After a few preliminaries her purpose was revealed. "Greg is coming along nicely these days," she remarked silkily. "He was lunching with an absolute lushie-pie today."

"Lushie-pie? What are you talking about?"

"A beautiful girl. Blonde. D'you know who she is?"

Mary quelled her temper. Ethel was a famous trouble-maker. "I've no idea," she said aloofly, "and if Greg wants to lunch one of his customers, it's none of our business."

"Customers! Really, Mary, do lushie-pies really buy mathematical instruments? Wait, though. It's just possible, I suppose. Do you happen to know if the firm is bringing out a new line in ankle-gaugers?"

"What do you mean—ankle-gaugers?"

"Well, Greg might have been measuring this girl's ankle. Not much to measure: it looked as brittle as spun glass. She had it stuck out at the side of the table and Greg was bending over it and filling his eyes."

"Ethel Morland," said Mary clearly, "you're a fool."

"Aren't we all?" Ethel agreed lightly and rang off. Mary returned to the sitting-room and sat down silently.

"Whose character's gone for six this time?" Greg asked amiably.

"Yours," Mary said bitterly. "Greg, who . . . ?" She stopped abruptly. "Stay there both of you," she commanded. "I'll be back in a minute." She ran upstairs, and tore her secret out of its bag.

"There!" she cried, bursting in on them. "Look, there's my wretched little secret. Now you can both tell me what awful things you've been getting up to. I've got to know everything."

"Mummy!" exclaimed Margaret.

Greg considered her in silent astonishment.

Mary raked them both with a look of fiery interrogation.

"Margaret, are you in love?" she demanded. "And, Greg, who was that woman you were lunching with today?"

Margaret colored darkly, then laughed.

"Stop laughing," ordered Mary, but half her heart lightened. "Greg?" she prompted, her voice softer. "Who?"

He said coldly, "I see no reason for telling you. Equally, there's no reason for not. It was a Miss Sylvia Carlo."

"There! You know her Christian name and she's a lushie-pie!"

Greg smiled faintly. "If you mean glamorous, she was. She dances, I believe."

"Ballet," confirmed Margaret, wide-eyed. "Daddy, did you really give her lunch? How wonderful!"

"How expensive," corrected her father. "It was on the firm's account, though. She came a cropper over our window-cleaner's bucket and was more than half inclined to sue us on behalf of her left ankle. It fell to me to give her the old oil." He glanced at Mary. "Satisfied?"

"Oh, Greg," wailed Mary. She gazed mournfully at her nearest and dearest. "It was all that horrible tiara." Margaret swooped on the glittering offender. "It's lovely," she said. "Exactly what I want for Titania."

"Titania?"

"Me. Fairy queen in 'A Midsummer Night's Dream.' We're doing it in the autumn. I've been keeping it dark in case I didn't pull off the part. I think it's going to be all right, though. Look." She set the tiara on her smooth flaxen head.

"Ah!" sighed Mary, exchanging tender, admiring looks with Greg. The tiara's floridity had vanished. It looked chaste, exquisite, a fairy diadem.

"It's perfect," Mary declared. "I knew it would come in for something."

"Where did you get it?" Greg asked.

Mary hesitated. The skills of underhandedness, once learned, are not immediately forgotten. Several ingenious explanations occurred to her. But the prospect of telling the whole truth and nothing but was irresistible.

"Make yourself comfortable," she invited, "and I'll tell you all about it."

(Copyright)

For God's sake give me the young man who has brains enough to make a fool of himself.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

Got Rheumatism?





Get DeWitt's Pills

— and get fast relief



The one sure treatment for Muscular and Joint Pains

DeWitt's Pills get right at the root of rheumatic troubles, clearing pain-causing impurities from your system and stimulating your kidneys to normal healthy action. The relief is wonderful: even long-term sufferers start to enjoy a life they'd almost forgotten. Ask your chemist or storekeeper for a bottle of DeWitt's Pills today.

"*Wonderful relief*" says Mrs. H., Wyong, N.S.W.

"Suffering from a bad back and pains in my legs, I decided to give your pills a trial. I had only taken three doses and I got wonderful relief. I will recommend DeWitt's Pills to my friends."

The originals of these letters can be seen at our Melbourne office.

Save 3/- on the economy size pack - 100 pills . . . **7/-**

Regular size - 40 pills . . . **4/-**

DeWitt's Pills

FOR THE PROMPT RELIEF OF BACKACHE, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO AND ALL RHEUMATIC PAINS.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4924327

Continuing

The Scapegoat

from page 17

boulevards, along streets that seemed to lead nowhere, converging upon themselves, frowned upon by factory walls and tall grey buildings, and I knew that what I was doing was without reason: I should either go and fetch the car and book a room for the night in one of the hotels in the centre of the town, or leave Le Mans altogether and drive through Mortagne to la Grande-Trappe.

I was surprised to see the station ahead of me and I remembered that the car and the cathedral were at the other end of the town. The obvious thing to do was to take a taxi back, but first of all I would have a drink at the station buffet and come to some decision about la Grande-Trappe.

I crossed the road and a car swerved to avoid me and then stopped. The driver leant out of the window and shouted in French, "Hullo, Jean, when did you return?"

The fact that my own name was John confused me. I thought for a moment that he must be someone I had met somewhere, whom I ought to recognise, and I called back, also in French, "I'm only passing through — I go back tonight," wondering who the devil he was.

"A wasted visit, I suppose," he said, "but you'll bluff them all at home it's been a success."

The remark was offensive. What made him think my holiday had been wasted? And how on earth could he know about my own deep personal sense of failure?

Then I realised he was a stranger. I had never seen him before. I bowed politely, excusing myself. "I beg your pardon," I said, "I'm afraid we have both made a mistake."

To my astonishment he laughed, winked broadly, and said, "All right, pretend I haven't seen you. But why do here in Le Mans what could be better done in Paris? I'll ask you when we meet again next Sunday." Laughing, he drove away.

I watched his car disappear and turned into the station buffet. If he was drunk and in a mellow mood I saw his point. I might follow his example. The buffet was full. People were either boarding trains or leaving them. Chattering travellers elbowed me from the counter. Luggage barked my shins. Whistles blew, the deafening screech of an approaching express merged into the choking gasp of a local train, dogs on leashes yapped, a child wailed. I thought longingly of my car parked beside the cathedral and how I would sit there in peace and open my Michelin map and smoke a cigarette.

Someone jolted my elbow as I drank and said, "Je vous demande pardon," and as I moved to give him space he turned and stared at me and I at him and I realised with a strange sense of shock and fear and nausea all combined that his face and voice were known to me too well.

I was looking at myself.

We did not speak: we went on staring at each other.

He was the first to break the silence. "You don't happen to be the devil, by any chance?"

"I might ask you the same question," I replied.

"Here a moment . . ."

He took me by the arm and pulled me closer to the counter, and although the mirror behind the bar was steamy and partly hidden by glasses and bottles and confusing because of the many reflections of the other heads, it showed us plainly enough to be standing together, straining, anxious, searching the mirrored surface as though our lives depended upon what it had to tell. And the answer was no chance resemblance, no superficial likeness to be confounded by the different color of hair or eyes, by the dissimilarity of feature, expression, height, or breadth of shoulder: it was as though one man stood there.

He said — and even the intonation sounded in my ears like my own — "I make it a rule never to be surprised by anything in life; there is no reason to make an exception now. What will you drink?"

I was too shaken to care. He asked for two cognacs and we moved with one accord to the farther end of the counter, where the mirror was less steamy and the pushing crowd less dense.

We might have been two actors studying our make-up as we glanced from the looking-glass back to each other. He smiled and I smiled, too; and then he frowned and I copied him, or rather copied myself; and he arranged his tie and I arranged mine; and we both drank our brandy at one gulp to see what we looked like drinking.

"Are you a man of fortune?" he asked.

"No," I said. "Why?"

"We might do an act at a circus or make a million in a cabaret. If you haven't got to catch a train immediately, I suggest we go on drinking." He ordered two more brandies. Nobody seemed surprised at the resemblance. "They think you're my twin brother here at the station to meet me," he said. "Perhaps you are. Where are you from?"

"London," I told him.

"Are you in business there?"

"No, I live there. And I work there, too."

"What I mean is, where is your home, what part of France do you come from?"

I realised then that he had taken me for a Frenchman like himself. "I'm English," I said. "I happen to have made a study of your language."

He raised his eyebrows. "My compliments," he said. "I wouldn't have known you for a foreigner. What are you doing in Le Mans?"

I explained that I was in the last few days of holiday and gave him a brief account of my tour. I told him I was a historian and gave lectures in England about his country and its past.

He looked amused. "Is that how you earn a living?"

"Yes."

"Incredible," he said, and offered me a cigarette.

"You have historians over here doing the same thing," I argued. "In fact, your country takes learning much more seriously than mine. There are thousands of professors giving lectures on history all over France."

"Naturally," he said, "but they are all Frenchmen talking about France. They are not Frenchmen who cross the Channel to spend their holidays and then return here to talk about England. I don't understand why you should be so interested in my country. Are you well paid?"

"Not particularly."

"Married?"

"No. I have no family at all. I live alone."

"You're lucky." He spoke with emphasis and raised his glass. "To your most fortunate freedom," he said. "Long may it last."

"What about you?" I asked.

"Me?" he said. "Oh, I can call myself a family man. Very much so, in fact. I was caught long ago. I might even say I have never escaped. Except during the war."

"Are you a man of business, too?"

"I own some property. I live about thirty kilometres from here. Do you know Sarthe?"

"I know the country better south of the Loire. I should like to explore Sarthe, too, but I'm on my way north. I'll have to leave it for another time."

"A pity. It might have been amusing . . ." He did not finish his sentence, but stared at his glass. "You have a car?"

"Yes, I left it at the cathedral. I lost my bearings, walking, that's why I'm here at the station."

"Are you stopping in Le Mans overnight?"

"I don't know. I haven't planned. As a matter of fact . . ." I paused. The brandy had given me a comfortable glow inside and I had the impression that it would not matter what I said to this man; it would be like talking to myself. "As a matter of fact I was thinking of spending a few days in la Grande-Trappe."

"La Grande-Trappe?" he said. "Do you mean the Cistercian monastery near Mortagne?"

"Yes," I said. "It can't be much more than eighty kilometres from here."

"For the love of God, why do you want to go there?"

His phrase was apt. The reason why men went to la Grande-Trappe was to find the love of God. Or so I supposed.

"I thought if I went," I said, "and stayed there before returning to England, I might find the courage to go on living."

He looked at me thoughtfully as he drank his cognac.

"What's the trouble?" he asked. "A woman?"

"No," I said.

"Money?"

"No."

"You are in some sort of scrape?"

"No."

"You have cancer?"

"No."

He shrugged his shoulders. "Perhaps you're a drunkard," he said. "Or you enjoy discomfort for its own sake. There must be something seriously wrong if you want to go to la Grande-Trappe."

I glanced beyond him to the mirror once again. And now, for the first time, I could see the difference between us. It was not the clothes, his dark travelling suit and my tweed jacket, which distinguished us; it was his ease of manner that made a contrast to my sober mood. He looked, and spoke, and smiled as I had never done.

"There's nothing wrong," I said. "It's just that, as an individual, I've failed in life."

"So have we all," he said, "you, I, all the people here in the station buffet. We are every one of us failures. The secret of life is to recognise the fact early on, and become reconciled. Then it no longer matters."

"It does matter," I said, "and I am not reconciled."

He finished his drink and glanced at the clock on the wall.

"There is no need," he observed, "to go to la Grande-Trappe immediately. The good monks are waiting upon eternity, they can wait a few more hours for you. Let us go where we can drink in greater comfort, and perhaps dine, because, being a family man, I am in no great hurry to go home."

It was then that I remembered the man in the car who had spoken to me outside. "Are you called Jean?" I asked.

"Yes," he said, "Jean de Gue. Why?"

"Someone mistook me for you, then, outside the station. Some fellow in a car shouted, 'Hullo, Jean,' and when I told him he was mistaken he seemed amused, and obviously thought I, or rather you, didn't want to be recognised."

"That wouldn't surprise me. What did you do?"

"I did nothing. He drove off laughing, calling out something about seeing me on Sunday."

"Oh, yes. The shooting party . . ."

My words must have started a new train of thought, for his expression changed, and I wished I could have read his mind. His eyes clouded, and I wondered if I looked as he did when a problem, not easy to solve, thrust its way to the surface of my mind.

He beckoned to a porter who was waiting patiently with a couple of valises outside the swing-door of the buffet.

"Did you say you left your car by the cathedral?" he asked.

"Yes," I answered.

"Then if you don't mind giving room to my valises, we might fetch it and drive somewhere for dinner?"

"Certainly. Anywhere you say."

He tipped the porter, summoned a taxi, and we drove away. It was odd, and like a dream. So often, dreaming, I was the shadow, watching myself take part in the action of the dream. Now it was happening, and I had the same lack of substance, the same lack of will.

"So he was quite deceived, then?"

"Who?"

His voice, almost like the voice of conscience, startled me, for we had not spoken since getting into the taxi.

"The man who hailed you outside the station," he said.

"Oh, yes, completely. He will probably accuse you when you meet. I remember now—he knew you had been away, because he suggested your trip had been unsuccessful. Does that convey anything?"

"Only too well."

I did not pursue the subject. It was none of my business. After a moment I glanced at him, half furtively, and saw that he was looking as furtively at me. Our eyes met, and, instead of smiling instinctively, because of the bond of likeness, the sensation was unpleasant, like contact with danger. I turned away from him to gaze out of the window, and as the taxi swerved and pulled up by the cathedral the deep, solemn bells sounded for the Angelus.

It was a moment that never failed to move me. The summons was always unexpected, and in a strange way touched a nerve. Tonight the bells rang like a challenge, loud and compelling, as we climbed from the taxi. Then the clanging softened to a murmur, and the murmur to a sigh, and the sigh to a reproach. Two or three people passed through the doors into the cathedral. I went and unlocked the car. My companion waited, looking at the car with interest.

"A Ford Consul," he said. "What year is it?"

"I've had it two years. Done about fifteen thousand."

"You are satisfied with it?"

"Very. I don't get much use out of it except at weekends."

As I stowed away his two valises in the boot he asked me all sorts of questions about the car with the interest of a schoolboy trying out a new machine. He fingered the switches, felt the seats to test the springs, fiddled with the gears and the indicators, and finally asked, with a burst of enthusiasm, whether he might drive her.

"Certainly," I said. "You know this town better than I do. Go ahead."

He settled himself with assurance behind the wheel, and I climbed in beside him. As he turned the car away from the cathedral, and so out to the rue Voltaire, he continued to enthuse in schoolboy fashion, murmuring, "Magnificent, excellent!" under his breath, obviously enjoying every moment of what soon turned out to be, from my own rather cautious standard, a hair-raising ride. When we had jumped one set of lights, and sent an old man leaping for his life, and forced a large car driven by an infuriated American into the side of the street, he proceeded to circle the town in order, so he explained, to try the car's pace.

"You know," he said, "it amuses me enormously to use other people's possessions. It is one of life's greatest pleasures." I closed my eyes as we took a corner like a bob-sleigh.

"Meanwhile," he said, "you are probably dying of hunger?"

"Not at all." I murmured. "I'm at your disposal." It struck me, as I spoke, that the French language was too fine, too polite.

"I was thinking of taking you to the only restaurant where it is possible to eat superbly," he said, "but I have changed my mind. I am known there, and somehow I feel that tonight I want to be without identity. It isn't every day that one comes face to face with oneself."

His words gave me the same sense of discomfort that I had experienced in the taxi. The likeness between us was not something that either of us wanted to show off in public. I realised suddenly that I did not wish to be seen with him. I did not want waiters to look at us. I felt in some way furtive and ashamed. The sensation was peculiar. He began to slow down as we approached the centre of the town.

"Possibly," he said, "I won't go home tonight after all, but take a room at a hotel." He seemed to be thinking aloud. I don't believe he expected a reply. "After all," he went on, "by the time we have dinner, it would be rather late to telephone for Gaston to bring in the car. And, anyway, they are not expecting me."

I have made the same sort of excuses myself to put off facing something unpleasant. I wondered why he was not anxious to return.

"And you," he said, turning to me as we waited for the lights to change, "after all, you may decide you do not want to go to la Grande-Trappe. You, too, could stay in a hotel."

His voice was odd. It was as though he was feeling his way towards some sort of agreement between us, some sort of solution to a problem that neither of us fully understood, and as he looked at me the expression in his eye was probing and at the same time evasive, masked.

"Perhaps," I said. "I don't know."

He drove through the centre of the town, an enthusiast no longer, but preoccupied, and he did not draw up before either of the main hotels that I had noticed earlier in the day, but came to a quarter where the buildings appeared greyer, drabber, close to the factories and warehouses. In the meaner streets were cheap pensions, dingy lodging-houses, where passports were not demanded and questions never asked.

"It is quieter here," he said, and I still could not tell whether he spoke to me or uttered his thoughts aloud. But I did not think much of his choice as he stopped the car in front of a shabby house sandwiched between others equally drab, above whose half-open door the word hotel in dim blue electric light gave warning of its nature.

"Sometimes," he said, "these places can be useful. One does not always want to run up against one's friends."

I said nothing. He switched off the engine and opened the door.

"Are you coming?" he said.

I had no desire to join him, but I climbed out of the car and heaved his two valises from the boot.

"I don't think so," I said. "You go inside and book your room if you want to. I'd rather dine first and then decide what to do."

I was more inclined to my northern route — the drive to Mortagne, and then the side road to the Abbaye de la Grande-Trappe.

"As you like," he said shrugging, and I lit a cigarette and watched him push through the door into the hotel. The drinks I had swallowed at the station buffet were beginning to take effect. Nothing that was happening had reality, and in a state of blurred confusion I asked myself what I was doing here in an unattractive side street in Le Mans, waiting for a companion who less than an hour ago had been quite unknown to me, who was still a stranger, but who, because of a chance resemblance, had taken charge of my evening, directing its course for good or ill.

I wondered whether I should slide into the car and drive away and so be quit of the whole encounter, which, fascinating at first, now seemed menacing, even evil. I was reaching for the switch when he returned.

"That's fixed," he said. "Come and eat. No need to take the car. I know of a place just around the corner."

I couldn't summon an excuse to be quit of him, and, despising my own weakness, I followed him along the street like a shadow.

He led me to a place half restaurant, half bistro, in the next street. The entrance was stacked with bicycles — it must have been the headquarters of a cycling club — and the inside crowded with youths in colored jerseys, singing and shouting, while a knot of older men, workmen, played some dice game at a table. He

To page 39

FOR THE CHILDREN



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4924328

Continuing

The Scapegoat

from page 38

pushed his way with assurance through the turmoil and we sat down at a table behind a battered screen.

The patron, waiter, and bartender in one thrust an indecipherable menu into my hands and a glass of wine before me and a plate of soup that I hadn't ordered; for the ceiling was now merging with the floor and time losing significance, and my companion was leaning across the table, his glass raised, saying, "To your sojourn at la Grande-Trappe."

Sometimes a fourth drink can have the temporary effect of clearing the confusion caused by the previous three, and as I ate and drank the face in front of me swung back into focus, no longer uncanny or a threat, but benign and familiar as my own in the mirror, smiling when I smiled, frowning when I frowned; and his voice, which seemed to be an echo of my own, urged me into conversation, prodded me into confession, so that I found myself talking about loneliness, death, the empty shell of my personal world, the uncertainty of feeling, the absence of all emotion.

"And so," I heard my voice saying, "surely at la Grande-Trappe, where men live by silence, they must have an answer to this, they must know how to fill the vacuum, for they have deliberately gone into darkness to find light . . . whereas I . . ." I paused, trying to clarify my meaning, because what I was trying to tell him was vital to our two selves.

"In other words," I continued, "at la Grande-Trappe they might not give the answer, but they could tell me where to look for it: for although we must each have an individual answer to our individual problems, just as every lock has its own key, yet might not their answer be universal, just as a master key opens every lock?"

His blue eyes, flippant and amused, were not the reflection of my drunken mood, but the doubt that follows after it, the mockery on waking.

"No, my friend," he said. "If you knew as much about religion as I do you would run from it like the plague. I have a sister who thinks of nothing else. I have learnt one thing in life, which is that the only motive force in human nature is greed. Insects, animals, men, women, children, we live by greed alone. It is not very pretty, but what of it? The thing to do is to minister to the greed and to give people what they want. The trouble is they are never satisfied."

He sighed and poured himself another glass of wine. "You complain that your life is empty," he said. "To me it sounds like paradise. An apartment to yourself, no family ties, no business worries, the whole of London a playground, if you wish — though personally I did not find London gay when I was in exile there for a time in the war, but at any rate the city is vast and free. It does not hang about your neck like a rope."

His voice changed, becoming hard, and there was resentment in his eyes and exasperation — it was the first sign he had given that he, too, had his personal problem which he did not wish to face — and he leant forward across the table and said, "You have all the luck in the world and you are not content. Your parents died many years ago, you told me, and you have no one to make any claim upon you. You are a free man, to wake and eat and work and sleep alone. Count your blessings and forget this nonsense of la Grande-Trappe."

Like all solitary people I had become glib of tongue and indiscreet too soon, warming to sympathy. He knew all the little dullnesses of my life and I knew nothing of his.

"Very well, then," I said, "now it's your turn for the confessional. What's your trouble?"

I thought for a moment that he might be going to tell me. Something wavered in his eyes, a flicker of uncertainty, then it was gone again and in its stead the tolerant smile, the lazy shrug.

"Oh, me!" he said. "My one trouble is that I have too many possessions. Human ones." And his gesture of dismissal as he lit a cigarette was a warning not to question further. I could be introspective if I liked, exploring my own black moods; but I must not probe his. We had finished eating, but we went on sitting there, smoking and drinking.

I fell silent, having suddenly no more to say, and I was aware of his eyes upon me all the time, bringing a strange discomfort. When he said he must telephone home and got up and left the table I was relieved, as if his absence made it easier to breathe.

When he returned I said, "Well?" more as a comment than a question, and he answered briefly, "I told them to send the car in to fetch me tomorrow." Calling the patron, he paid the bill, brushing my feeble attempts aside, and then seized my arm and pushed me into the street.

It was dark and raining once again. The street was empty. There is nothing gloomier than the fringe of a provincial town on a wet evening, and I murmured something about finding the car and going on my way and what an experience it had been to fall in with him, but he went on holding my arm and said, "I can't let you go like this. It's too unusual, too bizarre." We came once more to the entrance of his shabby, dim hotel and I looked through the still open door and saw there was no one behind the desk. He noticed it, too, and looked over his shoulder and said quickly, "Come upstairs. Let's have one more drink before you go."

His voice was urgent, insistent, as though we had little time to lose. I protested, but he half led me up the stairs and across a passage. He took a key out of his pocket and opened the door and switched on the light of the small, drab single room. "Here," he said, "sit down, make yourself at home," and I sat on the bed because his open valise was on the chair. He had thrown out his pyjamas and hairbrushes and a pair of slippers, and now he brought out his flask and was pouring cognac into a tooth-glass.

Once again the ceiling hit the floor as it had done in the bistro and it seemed to me that what was happening was fated, inevitable, that I should never be rid of him or he of me: he would follow me downstairs and come with me in the car and I should never shake him off. He was my shadow or I was his, and we were bound to each other through eternity.

"What's the matter? Are you ill?" he said, and his eyes were peering into mine.

I stood up, torn between two desires — one to open the door and get away downstairs, and the other to stand beside him once again as we had done at the station buffet and look into the mirror. I knew that the first was wisdom and the other somehow evil, and yet it had to be done, it had to be experienced once again.

He must have guessed my intent, for we turned with one accord and stared, and here in the small quiet room the likeness was more uncanny and more horrible than it had been in the crowded buffet with all the noise and smoke and sound of people, or in the bistro, where I had not thought about it.

This wretched room with the patterned wallpaper and the creaking floor was like a tomb shutting out the world: we were here together and there was no escape. He thrust the tooth-glass of cognac into my trembling hand and himself drank from the flask, and then he said, his voice unsteady as my own — or was it I who spoke and he who listened? — "Shall I put on your clothes and you wear mine?"

I remember that one of us laughed as I hit the floor.

.

Someone was knocking on the door. The sound went on and on, breaking through a dream to consciousness, until finally I roused myself from heaven knows what depths of darkness and shouted "Entrez!", staring about me at the unfamiliar room, which gradually became known to me, and real. A man came in, wearing a faded, old-fashioned chauffeur's uniform, with buttoned coat, breeches, and leggings, and holding his cap in his hands. His build was short and square, his eyes deep brown, and he looked at me with compassion.

"Monsieur le Comte is awake at last?" he said.

I considered him a moment, frowning, and then I glanced once more about the room and saw one valise open on the chair, another on the floor, and the clothes of my late companion thrown over the end of the bed on which I lay. I was wearing a striped pyjama coat I did not recognise. On the washstand were the tooth-glass and the flask of cognac. There was no sign of my own clothes, and I could not remember taking them off or putting them away. All I remembered was

To page 40



● Contributions are invited for our "Sweet and Sour" Contest, in which each week we award £2/2/- for "The Nicest Compliment" and "The Best Backhander." Here are this week's winners.

THE NICEST COMPLIMENT

I HAD befriended a small boy who was a boarder at a country school. As I am "fair, fat, and over fifty," imagine my delight when I met his slightly older sister for the first time and she announced to her mother in an audible aside:

"She's nice, Mummy! No wonder Stephen says he is going to marry her when he grows up."

£2/2/- awarded to Mrs. W. H. Ross, 177 Brilliant St., Bathurst, N.S.W.

THE BEST BACKHANDER

OUR twelve-year-old tom-boy daughter protested to her father when he mentioned sending her to a girls' school as a boarder.

"Now, Peggy," he said persuasively, "Don't you want to grow up to be ladylike?"

"No, I don't," our daughter wailed. "I only want to grow up to be exactly like Mum."

£2/2/- awarded to "Mother" (name supplied), Ringwood, Victoria.

● *Send your entries to "The Nicest Compliment" or "The Best Backhander," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.*

Are you combing your hair-OUT?



DON'T IGNORE THIS TIMELY WARNING!

Suddenly to find that your hair is coming out on your comb can give you an unpleasant shock. It also gives you a timely warning you can't ignore if you want to keep a healthy head of hair. Do something about it *now* before the condition becomes serious.

Hair falls out because the roots are being starved of their vital food. That is why you need Pure Silvikrin urgently. For Pure Silvikrin contains, in concentrated form, all the eighteen essential hair-forming substances known as amino-acids. Pure Silvikrin massaged into the scalp thus provides the hair roots with the natural food they need to produce healthy, vigorous hair. If *your* comb has given the warning, start using Pure Silvikrin *today*.

SILVIKRIN Products for Hair Care



PURE SILVIKRIN. For use in severe cases of falling hair, dandruff, greasy scalp and for the treatment of serious hair root deficiencies. Pure Silvikrin, a highly concentrated form of *the hair's natural food*.

SILVIKRIN TONIC HAIRDRESSING. For *daily hair grooming*. Specially prepared to ensure handsome, healthy hair. Contains a measured quantity of *Pure Silvikrin* — so it is truly a *tonic* hairdressing.



Also available — Silvikrin Hair Tonic for those who prefer a non-oily dressing.

Silvikrin THE HAIR'S NATURAL FOOD

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4924329

Continuing

The Scapegoat

from page 39

standing in front of the mirror with my companion by my side.

"Who are you?" I said to the chauffeur. "What do you want?"

He sighed, flashed a sympathetic eye at the disorder of the room, and said, "Monsieur le Comte would like to sleep a little longer?"

"Monsieur le Comte isn't here," I said. "He must have gone out. What's the time?"

The events of the night before became clearer in my mind, and I remembered how my companion had gone to the telephone, while we sat in the bistro, and had given orders for a car to come and fetch him the next day. This must be the chauffeur who had now arrived, and mistook me for his master. The man looked at his watch and told me it was five o'clock.

"What do you mean—five o'clock?" I said. I glanced at the window. It was broad daylight.

"It is five o'clock in the evening," said the chauffeur. "Monsieur le Comte has slept very soundly all the day. I have been waiting here since eleven o'clock this morning."

His words held no reproach: they were merely a statement of fact. I put my hand to my head, which ached abominably. I could feel a swelling on the side of it which was agony to touch, but my head was not aching for this reason only. I thought of the drinks of the night before, and that last tooth-glass of cognac. Perhaps it was not the last? I did not remember.

"I fell," I told the chaffeur, "and I think I must have been drugged as well."

"Very possibly," he said. "These things will happen."

His voice had the soothing quality of an old nurse speaking to a child. I swung my legs out of bed and gazed down at the unfamiliar pyjama trousers. They fitted, yet they were not mine, and I had no recollection of putting them on. I put out my hand and touched the vest and pants at the end of the bed, a different type and texture from my own, and I recognised the dark travelling suit of my companion.

"What happened to my clothes?" I asked.

The chauffeur came forward, and, taking the suit, hung the coat on the back of the chair and smoothed the trousers.

"Monsieur le Comte was no doubt thinking of other things when he undressed," he observed, and he smiled.

"No," I said, "those things aren't mine. They belong to your master. Mine are probably in the wardrobe there."

He raised his eyebrows and pursed his lips, making the little grimace of someone who humors a child, and crossing to the wardrobe flung it open. There was nothing hanging there.

"Open the drawers," I said. He did so, and they were empty. I got out of bed and rummaged in the two valises, the one on the chair and the other on the floor. They were filled with the possessions of my late companion.

I realised then that we must have exchanged clothes in a fit of drunken folly, and somehow the thought of it was distasteful, beastly, and I brushed it aside because I did not want to remember anything else that might have happened.

I went to the window and looked down into the street. There was a Renault drawn up in front of the hotel, and my car had gone.

"Did you see my car when you arrived?" I asked the chauffeur.

The man looked puzzled. "Monsieur le Comte has bought a new car?" he asked. "There was no other car when I came this morning."

His continued self-deception irritated me. "No," I said impatiently, "my car, my Ford. I am not Monsieur le Comte. Monsieur le Comte has gone out wearing my clothes. See if he left a message with anyone below. He must have taken my car, too. It's a joke on his part, but I am not particularly amused."

A new expression came into the chauffeur's eyes. He looked worried, upset. "There is no hurry," he said, "if Monsieur le Comte wishes to rest a little longer." He came to me, and very gently put out his hand and felt my head. "Would you like me to fetch something from the chemist?" he asked. "Does it hurt you when I touch it, like this?"

I knew I must be patient. "Would you ask whoever is at the reception desk to come upstairs?" I said.

He left me and went down the stairs, and when he had gone I looked about the bedroom once again, but nowhere, neither in the wardrobe, nor in the drawers of the dressing-table, nor on the table, was there anything of mine by which I could prove my identity. My clothes had vanished, and with them my wallet, passport, money, notebook, key-ring, pen, every personal thing I was in the habit of carrying.

There was not a stud or cuff-link here that was mine: everything was his. There lay his brushes on the top of the open valise, with the initials J. de G.; there was another suit of clothes; there were shoes, shaving-kit, soap, a sponge, and on the dressing-table a wallet with money, cards with the Comte de Gue printed upon them and St. Giles, Sarthe, in the bottom left-hand corner.

I tumbled out the things in the other valise in the vain hope of finding something that belonged to me, but there was nothing—only his clothes, a travelling clock, a small writing-folder, a cheque-book, various packages wrapped in paper that seemed to be presents.

I went and sat down again on the bed, my head in my hands. There was nothing I could do but wait. Presently he would come back. He must come back. He had taken my car, and I had only to go to the police, tell them the number, explain the loss of my wallet with money, travellers' cheques, and passport, and they would find him. Meanwhile . . . meanwhile, what?

The chauffeur came back into the room, and with him a greasy, furtive-looking man whom I took to be the reception-clerk or even the patron. He had a slip of paper in his hand which he handed to me, and I saw it was the bill—the price of the single room for a night and a day.

"You have some complaint, Monsieur?" he asked.

"Where is the gentleman I was with last night?" I asked. "Did anybody see him go out this morning?"

"You were alone when you took the room yesterday evening, Monsieur," replied the man. "Whether you were alone when you returned later in the evening I couldn't say. We are discreet here, we never question our clientele."

Beneath the obsequious tone I caught the note of familiarity, of contempt. The chauffeur was staring at the floor. I saw the hotel clerk or patron glance at my tumbled bed, and from the bed to the brandy-flask on the washstand.

"I must get on to the police," I said.

The man looked startled. "You have been robbed, Monsieur?" he asked.

The chauffeur came and stood beside me, as though to protect me.

"It would be better not to have any trouble, Monsieur le Comte," he said in a low voice. "These things are not very pleasant. In an hour or two you will be feeling more like yourself. Let me help you to dress and then we will drive home as quickly as possible. Any argument in a place like this might be awkward, you know that very well."

Suddenly I became angry. I thought what a fool I must look, sitting on the bed in that sordid little room, wearing a pair of pyjamas that was not my own, my identity mistaken as if it were a music-hall farce, the victim of a practical joke that was no doubt funny to my late companion, but was certainly not to me. All right. If he wished to make an idiot of me, I would do the same to him. I would put on his clothes and drive his car to hell — as he was no doubt driving mine — and have myself arrested, and then wait for him to turn up and explain his senseless action as best he could.

"Very well. Clear out and leave me," I said to the chauffeur. He went, and the hotel-keeper with him, and with a strange distaste and fury mingled I reached for the vest and pants and began to dress.

When I was ready and had shaved with his razor, and brushed my hair with his brushes, my reflection stared back at me from the mirror with a strange indefinable difference. My own self had become submerged. It was the man who called himself Jean de Gue who stood there now, just as I had seen him last night for the first time when he brushed against my shoulder in the station buffet.

The change of clothes had brought a change of personality: my shoulders looked broader, I seemed to hold my head higher, even the expression in my eyes resembled his. I forced a smile and the reflection in the mirror smiled back at me, a casual half-laugh that somehow went with the square, padded shoulders of the coat and the bow tie so unlike any tie I had ever worn. Slowly I took his wallet and counted the notes.

He had about twenty thousand francs and some loose change that had been lying on the dressing-table. I searched the wallet carefully in case he had left a word of explanation, some scrawl admitting the joke that he had played upon me. There was nothing, no word, no clue to prove that he had ever been in the room, ever come to the hotel.

My anger grew. I foresaw the string of explanations that was going to be forced upon me — the rambling, disjointed story to the police, their bored reluctance to come with me to the station buffet and the bistro where we had dined the night before, and to hear confirmation of my evidence that two of us, identical in appearance, had been together there.

How he must be laughing at me now, Jean de Gue, with nearly a whole day gone, at the wheel of my car, driving north, east, south, or west, anywhere he pleased, with twenty-five pounds of travellers' cheques still uncashed and what other money I had, wearing my clothes, perhaps even sitting at some cafe reading my lecture notes, that look of lazy amusement on his face. He was free to enjoy his joke, to go where he pleased and return when the joke palled; while I sat in a police-station or a consulate trying to make the officials grasp my story, and very likely not even being believed.

I put the washing and shaving-kit and pyjamas back into the valise and then went downstairs and asked the furtive-looking fellow at the desk to fetch the things from the room. He still wore an expression half-familiar, half-amused, as though we shared some smutty understanding, and I wondered if this place was a haunt of Jean de Gue's, if he had been in the habit of coming here in secret to heaven only knew what rendezvous.

And when I had paid the bill and he had followed me out with the luggage to the ancient Renault and the waiting chauffeur, I realised that I had taken the first step in duplicity: by not protesting, by not at once demanding the police, by wearing the wrong clothes, and passing myself off as Jean de Gue even for half an hour, I had put myself in the wrong. I was now the accomplice of the man who had driven away and no longer his accuser.

The chauffeur had put the luggage in the car and now stood by the door, holding it open. "Monsieur le Comte is himself again?" he asked anxiously.

I could have answered, "I am not Monsieur le Comte. Drive me to the police station at once," but I did not. I took my second decisive step, and got into the driving seat of the Renault, which happened to be a make of car that I knew well; for in other years, if I had not brought my own car, I would generally hire one and drive to places of interest near the town or village where I was staying. The chauffeur sat in the passenger seat beside me.

I started the car, filled with an intense desire to get away from that dingy, shabby hotel and never set eyes on it again, and, as my anger rose and self-disgust took possession of me, I followed the first road I saw that led out of Le Mans, away from the city, and what had happened there the night before, and on to the route nationale to open country. Last evening he had let my poor Ford rip, indifferent to the consequences because it was not his; now I could return his carelessness with interest.

I stepped on the accelerator, and the old car leapt in response. Whatever damage I do to her, I thought, it does not matter—she isn't mine. I am without responsibility, and the accident would be Jean de Gue's. If I turn the car deliberately into the side of the road it will be his action, not mine.

Suddenly I laughed, and the chauffeur beside me said, "That's better. Before we left Le Mans I was afraid that Monsieur le Comte was going to be ill, and it would never have done to be found there, in that hotel. I was upset last night when you told me to fetch you there. It was a good thing Monsieur Paul did not come instead of me, but luckily he had too much to do."

I let my third chance pass. I could have stopped the car and said to him, "This has gone far enough. Take me back to Le Mans. I have never heard of Monsieur Paul, and I will prove it to you and to the police." But instead I drove faster still, overtaking the cars ahead of me, possessed by a reckless feeling I had never known before, the sensation that I myself did not matter any more. I was wearing another man's clothes, driving another man's car, and no one could call me to account for any action. For the first time I was free.

I must have driven about twenty-five kilometres along the route nationale when an approaching village forced me to slow down. I saw the name of the village, but took no notice of it, and we were through and out the other side before the chauffeur said, "You have missed the turning, Monsieur le Comte."

I knew then that I was committed. It was too late to retract. Some freak of fortune had brought me, at this day and hour and minute, to this place on the road, this spot on the map, to the heart of this unknown countryside, in a land to which I did not belong and which I had for years told myself I wanted to understand. For the first time I saw the point of the joke, the irony of the situation as it must have struck Jean de Gue when he left me sleeping in the hotel in Le Mans.

"The only motive force in human nature is greed," he had said to me. "The thing to do is to minister to the greed, and to give people what they want." He had given me what I asked, the chance to be accepted. He had lent me his name, his possessions, his identity. I had told him my own life was empty: he had given me his. I had complained of failure: he had lifted the burden of failure when he took my clothes and my car and drove away as myself.

Whatever I had to carry now, in his stead, could not matter to me because it was no longer mine. Just as an actor paints old lines upon a young face, or hides behind the part he must create, so the old anxious self that I knew too well could be submerged and forgotten, and the new self would be someone without a care, without responsibility, calling himself Jean de Gue; for whatever this false Jean de Gue did, whatever folly he committed, it could not hurt me, the living John.

Some intuition of these things flashed through my mind now as I slowed down. I had no future, except what other, unknown, people made of it, beginning with the chauffeur at my side, who had just told me, perhaps prophetically, that I had missed the turning.

"All right," I said, stopping the car. "You drive the rest of the way."

He looked at me inquiringly, but made no answer, and we exchanged places without a word. He turned the car back to the village we had passed and struck left, leaving the route nationale behind us.

Now that I no longer had the car like a live thing to direct I slouched in the passenger seat, a dummy figure without thought. The fever and excitement died away. Let them do their worst — but who "they" were I did not trouble to ask myself.

The setting sun dipped in our wake and as we drove east the deep country folded upon us, frosted and still. The lonely farmsteads lay oasis-like and misty, isolated patches amongst the soft red glow of fields. The acres of land were remote and beautiful as a vast ocean unexplored. Nothing was real to me, nothing had substance. Everything I saw had the quality of a dream, from the pale stubble to the reedy stems of sunflowers long since picked and left to fall upon themselves with the first autumn frost.

The solidity of haystacks, streaky white, usually hard and clear-cut on the horizon, merged to the soil, becoming part of it, and long avenues of poplars with shivering, falling leaves came out of nowhere and disappeared again. A sudden impulse bade me tell the chauffeur to stop the car and I stood for a moment listening to silence as the sun went down behind us dark and red and the white mist rose.

No traveller venturing for

To page 42

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2500 to 6000 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate.

Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.

Pretty Embroidery Transfer



ADORN your linens, scarves, blouses, aprons, and lingerie with the attractive initials in simple script featured on embroidery transfer No. 221. Many of the letters are combined with floral motifs for an extra feminine touch. Order from our Needlework Department, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Price of the transfer sheet is 2/6.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4924330

Here's the fastest of all HOT cereal breakfasts!









FREE! PICTURE PLATES IN EVERY PACKET

Watch for the exciting 'Age of Speed' picture plates now in every packet of Weet-Bix. One in the smaller packets; two in the larger size. Children love saving them! So order WEET-BIX from your nearest grocer today!

WE do the cooking... YOU just add hot milk!

Here's the simplest way in the world to serve your family a nourishing, sustaining hot cereal breakfast! Just add hot milk to WEET-BIX! Deliciously cooked and toasted... enriched with malt... and fortified with added Vitamin B_1, one or two of these famous biscuits make the perfect cold weather breakfast. That's because they are all whole wheat, rich in carbohydrates, the body fuel that keeps you warm *inside!* Ask your grocer for WEET-BIX, Whole Wheat Breakfast Biscuits *today!*



Sanitarium

WEET-BIX

Vitamin Fortified

WHOLE WHEAT BREAKFAST BISCUITS

WB24/57

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4924331

Continuing

The Scapegoat

from page 40

the first time in territory unmapped and unexplored could have felt more isolated than I did for that one moment upon the empty road. The stillness came from the land. Long centuries had moulded it, a million ages kneaded it, history had trampled upon it, men and women had fed themselves and lived and died upon it, and nothing of what we thought or said or did could trouble the brooding peace that was the soil.

There beneath me and about me was the heart. I wondered how close I was for one brief second to an answer to my turmoil, doubt, distress; closer even amongst the patterned fields under the darkening sky than I might have been had I followed that first forgotten impulse and driven northwards to la Grande-Trappe.

The chauffeur said, "Monsieur le Comte has no great longing to go home?"

I looked down at his kind, honest face, sympathy in the depths of his brown eyes, and irony, too, the gentle mockery of one who must surely love his master well, who would fight for him and die for him, yet dare to tell him when he strayed. It occurred to me that never before had I sensed devotion in anybody's eyes. His warmth brought a smile from me in answer until I remembered that it was not me he loved but Jean de Gue. I climbed back again into the car beside him.

"It isn't always easy," I said, "to be a family man," echoing the words that had been spoken to me the night before.

"Very true," replied the chauffeur with a shrug and a sigh. "There are always so many problems to solve in a household such as yours. Sometimes I wonder how Monsieur le Comte avoids disaster."

A household such as mine . . . The road topped the brow of a hill and I saw the warning sign of the approaching village of St. Gilles. We passed an ancient church, a little sandy square flanked with a few worn houses and a solitary grocer's shop, a tobacconist's, and a petrol pump, and swung left down an avenue of limes over a narrow bridge. And now the enormity of what I was doing, of what I had already done, hit me like a violent blow.

A surging wave of apprehension, and indeed of terror, engulfed me totally. I knew the meaning of the word panic in its full sense. I had but one desire—to run, to hide, to be concealed anywhere in some ditch or hole, not to be carried forwards fatefully and inevitably to the chateau I saw looming ahead of me behind ivy-covered walls, the small windows in its two foremost towers aflame with the last dying whisper of the sun.

The car jolted over a wooden bridgeway spanning a moat that had once perhaps held water but was now gone to grass and nettles, and, passing swiftly through the open gate, circled the gravel approach and came to a standstill before the waiting chateau. A narrow terrace ran beneath the windows, which were already shuttered against the evening, giving a lost, dead look to the facade, and as I hesitated, still humped in the seat of the car, a man came out of the one dark door between the windows and stood there on the terrace, waiting.

"There's Monsieur Paul," said the chauffeur. "If he questions me later I shall say you had business in Le Mans, and that I picked you up from the Hotel de Paris."

He got out of the car and I followed slowly.

"Gaston," called the man on the terrace, "don't put the car away. I shall be using it. There's something wrong with the Citroen." He looked down at me, leaning on the balustrade. "Well?" he said. "You've taken your time." And he did not smile.

My own forced greeting died on my lips, and like a criminal, hunted, snatching at any cover, I retreated to the back of the car for refuge. But the chauffeur —his name was Gaston, then —already had the two valises in his hand and barred the way. I went up the steps to the terrace, lifting my eyes to meet the first penetrating gaze, the man's use of the familiar "tu" proving him, surely, to be a relative. I saw that he was shorter, thinner, probably younger than myself, yet with a haggard appearance as if he were tired or his health bad, and the lines around his mouth were pinched and dissatisfied. I stood beside him, waiting for his move.

"You might have telephoned," he said. "They waited lunch. Francoise and Renee declared you had had an accident. I said it was extremely unlikely, and you were probably spending the day in the bar of the Hotel de Paris. We tried to get you there, but they told us you hadn't been seen. After that, of course, there were the usual lamentations."

Surprise that I had passed his near inspection kept me silent. I was not sure what it was that I had expected. Doubt, perhaps, a closer stare, an intuition on his part that I was not the man he knew. He looked me up and down, then laughed, the laugh of someone who is irritated, not amused.

"I tell you frankly, you look a wreck," he said.

When Gaston had smiled at me so short a while since, the unaccustomed warmth had been a benison unearned. Now, for the first time in my life, I recognised dislike. The effect was strange. I was angry for the sake of Jean de Gue. Whatever he might have done to incur hostility, I was on his side.

"Thank you," I said. "Your opinion doesn't worry me. As a matter of fact, I feel extremely well."

He turned on his heel, walking towards the door, and Gaston caught my eye and smiled. I realised with amazement that I had said what was expected of me, and the answering "tu," which I had never used before, had come naturally, without effort.

I followed the man named Paul into the house. The hall was small and surprisingly narrow, leading to another, wider passage whence I could see a twisting stairway going to the floors above. There was the clean, cold smell of polish, bearing no relation to the faded deck-chairs stacked against the wall in odd juxtaposition to the Louis XVI chairs beside them.

At the far end of the wider passage hall there was a great cabinet between two doors, the sort of graceful, fluted thing one sees roped off from the public in museums, and facing it, upon a stuccoed wall, a tortured, blackened picture of Christ crucified. The murmur of voices came from one of the half-open doors.

Paul crossed the passage and called through the first of them, "Here is Jean arrived at last," his voice betraying the exasperation he had already shown to me. "I'm off, I'm late already," he went on, and glancing at me once again, "I can see you are in no fit state to tell me anything tonight. We can discuss things in the morning." He turned, and went out.

Gaston, the two valises in his hand, was mounting the stairs.

I wondered if I should follow him, when a woman's voice called from the room beyond, "Are you there, Jean?" the note in the voice high, complaining, and once again the chauffeur glanced down at me in sympathy. Slowly, with lagging steps, I passed through the open door into the room.

I had one swift impression of vastness, heavy curtains, papered walls. Standard lamps, masked by ugly shades with beaded fringes, dimmed the light. An exquisite chandelier, glittering through a veil of dust, the candles broken, swung unlit from the high ceiling. One long window, still unshuttered, betrayed acres of tangled grassway disappearing into alleyways of trees, and cropping the grass, almost beneath the window itself, were black-and-white cattle, their shapes ghostly in the falling light.

Three women were sitting in the room. As I entered they looked up, and one of them, tall as myself, with hard, clear-cut features and a narrow



mouth, her hair strained back and twisted in a bun, immediately rose to her feet and left the room.

A second, with dark hair and eyes, handsome, almost beautiful, yet marred by a sallow skin and a sullen mouth, watched me without expression from the sofa where she sat, some sewing or embroidery beside her, and when the first woman left the room she called over her shoulder without turning round, "If you must go, Blanche, please shut the door. I mind draughts, if nobody else does."

The third woman had faded, rather colorless blond hair. She might have been pretty once, and perhaps was still, with small, delicate features and blue eyes, but her expression of defeat, of petulance, destroyed the first impression of charm. She did not smile. She gave a little laugh of exasperation, as the man Paul had done, and then, rising to her feet, came towards me across the polished floor.

"Well," she said, "aren't you going to kiss either of us?"

I bent my head and kissed her on both cheeks, and, still saying nothing, crossed the floor and kissed the other woman in the same fashion. The first, the fair, blue-eyed one—it was she who had called when I was in the hall, for I recognised the voice—then came and took my arm, leading me to the open hearth on which one log smouldered.

"You may well look ashamed of yourself," she said, using the familiar "tu" just as Paul had done. "We have been worried sick that you might have had an accident, but as usual you didn't give that a thought. What have you been doing all day, and why didn't you go to the Hotel de Paris? They told Paul on the telephone that they hadn't seen you at all. I begin to think you do this sort of thing on purpose, just to frighten us and make us imagine the worst."

"And what would that be, the worst?" I asked her.

My retort, coming so quickly, gave me confidence. The dream, or rather nightmare, was something completely out of my experience. I felt that it did not matter what I said or did: however outrageous, these people would have to accept it.

"You knew perfectly well we must have been anxious," the woman said, dropping my arm, giving me a little push. "When you are away from home you are capable of anything, and you never think of anybody but yourself. You talk too much, you drink too much, you drive too fast . . ."

"I do everything, in fact, to excess?" I interrupted.

"You do everything you can to make us miserable," she said.

"Oh, leave him alone," called the other woman. "It is obvious from his manner that he isn't going to tell you anything. You are just wasting your time."

"Thank you," I said.

She looked up from her work, flashing me a look of understanding. We were allies, perhaps? I wondered who she was. She bore no resemblance to Paul, though both were dark. The other woman sat down again and sighed. I realised now from her figure that she must be expecting a child.

"You could at least tell us what happened in Paris," she said. "Or is that to remain a mystery, too?"

"I have no idea what happened in Paris," I said carelessly. "I'm suffering from loss of memory."

"You are suffering from too much to drink," she answered. "I can smell it on your breath. It would be a good idea if you went up to bed and slept it off. Don't go near Marie-Noel — she has some fever and it might be catching. They have a case of measles in the village and if I were to get that . . ." she paused and looked at both of us significantly, "you can imagine what might happen."

I went on standing with my back to the hearth, wondering how I could escape and find the right room. I should recognise the valises, of course, unless they had been unpacked. Even so, in one of the rooms I should be able to find the hairbrushes with the initials J. de G. Bed was at least a refuge, a place to think and plan. Or did I no longer want to think or plan? Laughter, uncontrolled, rose in my throat.

"What is it now?" asked the fair woman, resentful.

"It's an extraordinary situation," I said. "You neither of you know how extraordinary."

The freedom of saying this acted like a charm on my own lingering consciousness of self. It was like being invisible or possessing a ventriloquist's voice.

"I see nothing funny in infection," said the fair woman, "and certainly not at the present moment. I have no desire to bring a blind or perhaps crippled child into the world, which can happen to someone in my condition who catches measles. Or do you mean the situation in Paris was extraordinary? I hope, for everyone's sake, that you came to some agreement, though I can hardly believe it."

I turned from her questioning, reproachful eyes to those of the other woman, but her expression had changed. A wave of color had come into her sallow complexion, adding to her beauty, but she looked wary, and before she dropped her eyes again to her work she shook her head, imperceptibly, as if in warning.

She and de Gue were undoubtedly allies, but in what cause? And what relationship were the three of them, one to the other? I decided suddenly to tell the truth as a test of my courage and also because I was no longer sure of my own sanity.

"Actually," I said, "I am not Jean de Gue at all. I am someone else. We met in Le Mans last night, and changed clothes, and he has disappeared in my car, heaven knows where, and I am here in his place. You must admit it's an extraordinary situation."

I expected an outburst from the fair woman, but instead she sighed again, gazing a moment at the single smouldering log on the hearth. Ignoring me she yawned, and turning towards the other woman said, "Was Paul going to be late this evening? He did not tell me."

"After a masonic dinner of course he'll be late," the dark one replied.

"He was not in much of a mood to enjoy himself," said the other, "and seeing Jean come home in this sort of condition won't have improved his temper."

Neither of them glanced in my direction. My remark, which they must have interpreted as some tasteless joke, had fallen so flat that they had not even thought it worthwhile to make a crushing retort. This surely proved that deception was complete. I could behave as I pleased, say anything, do anything: they would merely believe me to be drunk or mad. The sensation was indescribable.

Driving the Renault had been the first moment of intoxication, but now that I had passed the test of speaking to de Gue's family, embracing them, even, and still they had sensed nothing unusual, the feeling of power was overwhelming.

I could, if I chose, do incalculable harm to these people whom I did not know—injure them, upset their lives, put them at odds one with another —and it would not matter to me because they were dummies, strangers, they had nothing to do with my life. When Jean de Gue left me sleeping in the hotel in Le Mans, did he realise the danger? Was his action not the wild prank it appeared but a deliberate desire that I might wreck the home which he said possessed him?

I was aware of the dark woman's eyes upon me, brooding, suspicious. "Why don't you go upstairs as Francoise suggests?" she said. Her manner was peculiar. It was as though she wanted to get me out of the room, afraid that I might say something out of place.

"Very well, I will," I said, and then I added, "You were both right. I drank much too much in Le Mans. I spent the day there senseless in a hotel."

The fact that it was true added flavor to deception. Both women stared. Neither said anything. I crossed the floor and went out of the half-open door into the hall beyond. I heard the one called Francoise break into a torrent of words as soon as I left the room.

The hall was empty. I listened at the other door, on the further side of the great cabinet, and could hear the distant sound of kitchen noises, running water, the clatter of plates. I decided to try the stairs. The first flight ended in a long corridor, leading left and right, and above me was a further flight to a second floor. I hesitated, then turned left along the corridor. It was dark, lighted by a single electric light bulb without a shade. The boards creaked under my feet. I was seized with a furtive excitement as I put out my hand and turned the handle of the door at the far end of the corridor.

The room was dark. I felt for a switch. The light revealed a bleak high room, dark red curtains drawn across the windows, a high single bed also draped with red, above which hung a large reproduction of Guido Reni's "Ecce Homo." I could see by its shape that this was a room in one of the towers, for the windows were circular, forming as it were an alcove, and this had been adapted as a place for prayer, with a prie-dieu, a crucifix, even a stoup for Holy Water. This little cell was bare but for its sparse religious trimmings, and the rest of the room was furnished with a bureau, chairs and a table, besides the heavy chest-of-drawers and wardrobe, suggesting its uncomfortable use as sitting-room and bedroom combined. Another religious picture faced the bed, a tortured reproduction of the Scourging of Christ, and on the wall by the door near which I stood there was a third, of Christ falling with the Cross. The room struck chill, as though it were never heated. It even smelt forbidding, a mixture of polish and heavy hangings.

I switched off the light and went out. As I did so I saw that I had been observed. A woman had come down to the corridor from the floor above, and now stood watching me.

"Bonsoir, Monsieur le Comte," she said. "Are you looking for Mademoiselle Blanche?"

"Yes," I lied quickly, "she's not in her room."

I felt myself obliged to go towards her. She was small, thin, and elderly, and from her dress and the way she spoke I judged her to be a servant.

"Mademoiselle Blanche is with Madame la Comtesse," she said, and I wondered if she

To page 45

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4924332

JULY is the time to . . .

. . . Tend camellias, cinerarias . . . lift and store dahlias . . . prune roses . . . plant fruit and shade trees . . . clean flower and vegetable beds.

THIS is a wonderful month for armchair gardening — selecting from a catalogue during cold evenings. But it is also a time for clearing up, planting, pruning, sowing, and storing.

One of the July rewards is full flowering of camellias.

Until sound rains occur the shrubs will need regular and copious watering. But avoid sprinkling the blooms; cold water ruins their petals.

If planting out camellias, wet the ground well first to a fair depth and have the soil nice and moist for filling in all round.

Avoid heavily limed soil, for camellias belong to the lime haters. Firm the plants in well. Mulch the surface with leafmould or well-rotted manure.

Also this month you should:

- **Attend to cinerarias, dahlia tubers, and lilium bulbs.**

Cinerarias will appreciate dilute liquid manure now, as they are producing flower buds which usually open in August-September.

Wet the ground well before applying the fertiliser, so the plants don't get an overdose. Spray each week with DDT if spiral tunnels, made by leaf miners, appear in the foliage. The same spray will control the aphis.

If growing cinerarias for exhibition, thin out the bud clusters and feed and water regularly. Instead of inch-sized blooms they can be forced to produce flowers two to three inches across.

When lifting dahlia tubers, shake off the loose soil (don't hose them), then store them in boxes of moist sand or sawdust. If they shrivel during winter storage, moisten the storage material.

Don't break off the dahlia stems, which are the growing points on the tubers. New growths appear just below the old stem bases.

Label them with names, types, and colors to make sure you won't mix charms with big

GARDENING

decoratives when planting next October-November.

In regard to lilium bulbs (plant out this month or during August), if you have experienced eelworm attack in previous years and the bulbs have softened and rotted, sterilise some soil by heating it over a fire until all steaming ceases. Use this soil as a medium in pots, drums, or tins. It should be moistened before steaming.

If you're a beginner, buy a few modern hybrids, e.g., Jillian Wallace (a rich red or a white and pale pink ground); auratum platyphyllum (golden-rayed lily of Japan—a beauty); auratum pictum (highly colored, reddish orange); auratum Apollo (deep shiny red rays on white); Dianne (suitable to cold districts).

- **Prune roses towards the end of the month or as soon as little red nodes appear.**

Prune to an outward node where possible, but allow for the shape of the bush and don't make them too hollow.

Climbers should have all dead and exhausted wood removed first. Cut out canes two or three years old and shorten lateral growths to two or three eyes on new growths.

For black spot spray with Bordeaux mixture; for mildew with lime sulphur; for white rose scale with white oil.

- **Complete winter digging and manuring of both flower and vegetable beds, and don't forget fertiliser for fruit and shade trees.**

With a crowbar, drive holes about nine to 12in. deep in the ground at 2rt. intervals. Partly fill with balanced fertiliser, then refill with topsoil, and water well. If feeding citrus trees, keep at least 2ft. 6in. from the trunk.

If you have manured the soil and still think the ground requires lime, let a month elapse between the two applications.

Don't dig in perennial weeds like dandelions, paddy's lucerne, docks, ink weed, oxalis, nut grass, couch grass, and sorrel; they will only come again thicker than ever.

Clean up the vegetable beds, raking up dead cucurbit vines, potato tops, old bean plants, tomatoes that may carry over diseases and pests, and all the debris of summer and autumn.

- **Select the sites for new fruit and shade trees and prune and spray deciduous fruit trees as soon as possible.**

Peaches and nectarines are very subject to leaf-curl disease. To check it, spray during winter with Bordeaux mixture and again when the buds show pink, but before they open.

For planting, allow at least 20 square feet to every apricot, plum, peach, apple, almond, cherry, nectarine, or persimmon tree. Pears can be given about 16 square feet.

- **Get the ground ready at once, if not already done, for the main crop of potatoes in N.S.W. coastal districts and Western Australia. (Other States Oct. to early Dec.)**

Manure the ground well and dig it in. Get certified seed where possible. It is officially inspected during growth for signs of virus diseases and should yield better crops.

Some of the best varieties are Saranac, Adina, Sequoia, Monak, Sebago, Katahdin.



CAMELLIA RETICULATA, considered a superb variety by camellia enthusiasts. It is a late bloomer with only one growth a year of semi-double, rosy-red blooms. Once established it makes a large bush.

Camellia show

VISITORS to the Camellia Show in Sydney will have the chance to choose camellias from a wonderful display of named blooms.

The show, in aid of the Bush Book Club, will be held at David Jones' Art Gallery from July 2 until July 5. A display of garden architecture and garden furniture will also be featured.



VISITORS to Mrs. T. Palmerston's smart home in Killeaton Street, St. Ives, N.S.W., admire her striking contemporary furniture and beautiful gleaming floors. Yet these floors are no trouble to care for, Mrs. Palmerston cleans and polishes them in one easy operation with Johnson's Beautiflor.

Beautiful homes stay beautiful with **JOHNSON'S** world-famous **waxes!**



Johnson's BEAUTIFLOR dry-cleans and waxes floors in one easy operation

Floors which get a lot of traffic get a lot of ground-in dirt! If you believe the answer is hard labour with a scrubbing brush you're in for a pleasant surprise the first time you use Johnson's Beautiflor — the liquid wax which cleans and polishes in one operation. Johnson's Beautiflor contains a dry-cleaner which gets straight down to business removing stubborn dirt and stains while you polish. Your furniture and floors — wood, linoleum and vinyl plastic — gleam with a rich hard-wearing lustre.

Johnson's Paste Wax gives floors a beautiful future

If you're looking for the toughest, brightest protection for your floors and furniture you're looking for Johnson's Paste Wax. For more than half a century, Johnson's Wax has been protecting beautiful floors and surfaces from dirt, wear and moisture. Johnson's Paste Wax is wonderfully easy and economical to use. Discover its 1,000 and 1 uses round your home and you'll understand why it's the largest-selling paste wax in the world.



JOHNSON'S

Also available in New Zealand and Pacific Islands.

THE WORLD'S LARGEST MAKERS OF WAX POLISHES

JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT • JOHNSON'S PASTE WAX
JOHNSON'S LIQUID WAX • JOHNSON'S PRIDE • JOHNSON'S BEAUTIFLOR

WW17

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4924333

Girls who go places

keep their legs at their loveliest with

HILTON *Elation*

stockings — at less cost

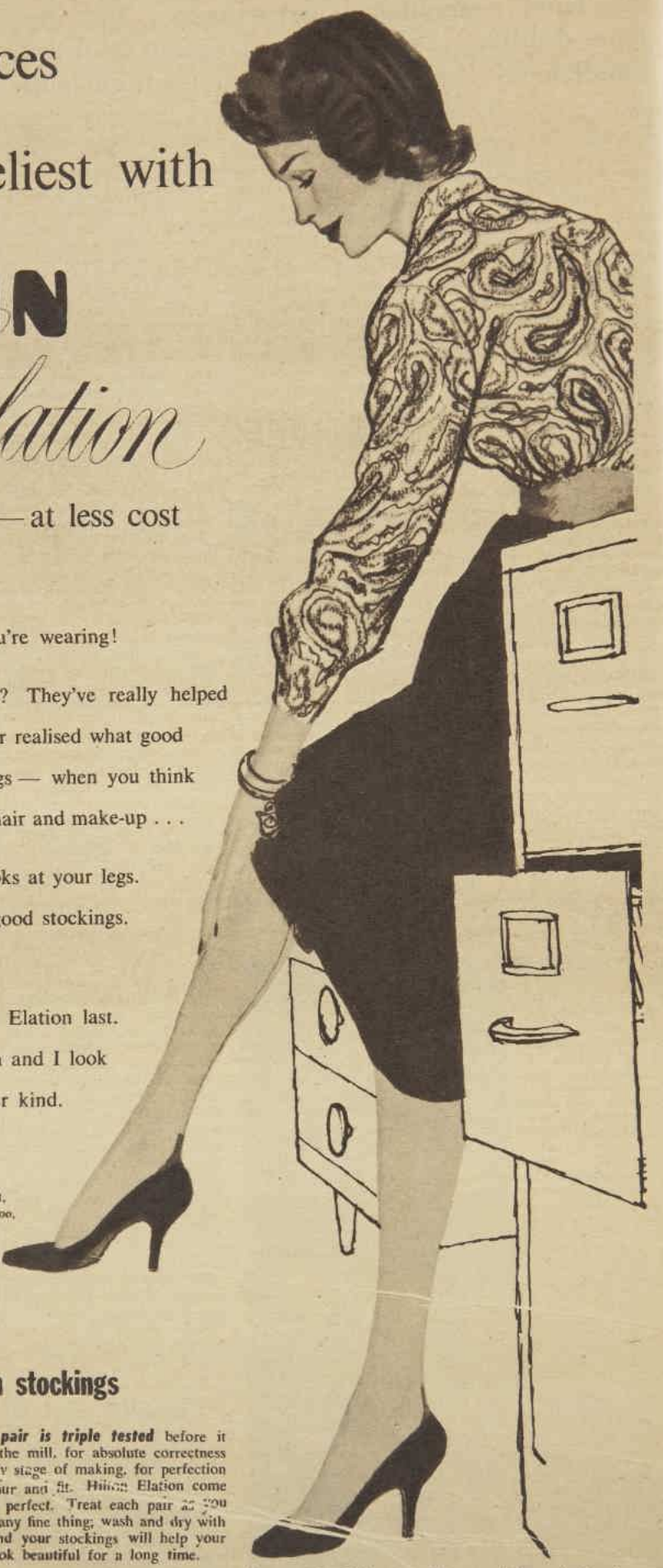


MARY: Those are **terrific** stockings you're wearing!

JOAN: Yes . . . aren't they beautiful? They've really helped me go places. For years I never realised what good stockings could do for a girl's legs — when you think how much we spend on clothes and hair and make-up . . .

MARY: It's a fact. Everybody looks at your legs. It seems crazy not to wear really good stockings. But do they last?

JOAN: It's amazing how long Hilton Elation last. That's what cuts the cost. I love them and I look after them, and I'll never wear any other kind.



12/11 Sizes 8½-11, long legs, too, in 9½-11

Price varies slightly in some states

Why it costs less to look beautiful in Elation stockings

Hilton do more to make your stockings last than any other maker — that's the simple answer. Sheer quality is built-in. Hilton use only the best nylon and knit on the newest machines in Australia. [illegible] never skimp on nylon but use a full amount, closely knitted to give greatest elasticity, and [illegible] close all-day fit.

You'll get no sagging or twisting with a Hilton stocking ever, and no holes from strain, because Hilton reinforce their heels and soles, double reinforce their welts and triple reinforce their toes (where most strain occurs). Hilton fine, fine seams are created individually by skilled operators. Heels and fashioning marks are dead level either side of Hilton seams. All this means extra wear.

A stroke of genius by Hilton chemists. Every Elation stocking has been through an amazing and exclusive Hilton process — Nyloseal. Nyloseal makes nylon behave — in a way no other process can — and gives you three-fold benefits: a unique, dull misty finish, increased snag resistance, and, by making each thread softer and more supple and the stocking cling better, up to 50% longer wear.

Every pair is triple tested before it leaves the mill, for absolute correctness in every stage of making, for perfection of colour and fit. Hilton Elation come to you perfect. Treat each pair as you would any fine thing; wash and dry with care and your stockings will help your legs look beautiful for a long time.

Try what famous Elation colours can do for you. Wear "Wild Rice" with the new taupes and beiges, "Burnt Almond" with soft blues and greens. It's astonishing what a lift clever stocking colours give to the whole fashion effect.

Be smart *in Hilton stockings and lingerie by day.*
Be beautiful *in Hilton slumberwear at night.*

Remember, too, that Hilton make sports socks and children's socks!

A PRODUCT OF HILTON HOSIERY LIMITED, BRUNSWICK, VICTORIA

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4924334

knew instinctively that there was something wrong, because the expression in her eyes was curious, even amazed, and she glanced over my shoulder towards the room I had just left.

"It doesn't matter," I said. "I can see her later."

"Is there anything wrong, Monsieur le Comte?" she asked, and behind her small eyes I could see still greater curiosity.

"No," I said. "Why should there be?"

She looked away from me again, to the closed door.

"I beg pardon, Monsieur le Comte," she said. "I only thought there must be something wrong for you to go to Mademoiselle Blanche's room."

Her eyes flickered away from me. I sensed no affection there, no warmth, none of the trust that I had seen in Gaston; yet there was at the same time a suggestion of long familiarity, bringing some understanding between us of an unpleasant kind.

"I hope Monsieur le Comte's visit to Paris was successful?"

"Perfectly," I replied, and was about to pass her when she said, "Madame la Comtesse knows you are home. I was just going down to the salon to tell you. It would be best to come up and see her now, or I shall have no peace."

Madame la Comtesse . . . The words were ominous. If I were Monsieur le Comte, then who was she? Doubt began to return to me, the first faint brush of panic.

"I can go later," I said, "there's no great hurry."

"You know very well she won't wait, Monsieur le Comte," said the woman.

"Very well," I said.

The servant turned towards the stairs and I went after her up the long, twisting flight. We came to another corridor like the one we had left below, which branched to a third, running parallel, and I caught a glimpse of a service staircase through an open baize door, whence the smell of food came floating from the depths. We passed through yet another door, and then stood before the last one in the corridor. The servant opened it, giving me first a little nod, like a signal, and as she went through she said to someone within, "I met Monsieur le Comte coming up the stairs. He was on his way to see you."

There were three persons in the room, which was large but so filled with furniture that there was hardly space to move between the tables and the chairs. Dominating the whole was a great double bed with curtained hangings. A stove, burning brightly with open doors, gave out an intense heat, so that walking into the atmosphere was enough to stifle anyone coming from the cold rooms below. Two small fox-terriers, with bows and bells jangling from their collars, ran towards me barking shrilly.

I swung my eyes round the room to take in what I could, the dogs leaping at my legs, and I saw the tall, thin woman who had left the salon when I entered it, and close to her an ancient cure, white-haired, his small black cap on the back of his head, his pleasant round face pink and unlined. Beyond him, almost on top of the stove itself, seated in the depths of a great armchair, was a massive elderly woman, her flesh sagging in a hundred lines, but her eyes, her nose, her mouth so astonishingly and horribly like my own that for one wild moment I believed after all Jean de Gue had come up here before me and was masquerading as a final jest.

She held out her arms, and drawn to her like a magnet I went instinctively to kneel beside her chair, and was at once caught and smothered, lost in the mountain of flesh and woollen wraps.

Her hands clung about me, reluctant to let me go yet pushing me at the same time, murmuring in my ear, "There, there, be off with you, great baby, great brute. You've been amusing yourself, I know." I drew away from her and looked into her eyes, half-hidden by the heavy lids and the pouched skin beneath, and they were my own eyes, mocking, my own eyes buried and transformed.

"Everyone is upset as usual with your goings on," she said. "Francoise in hysterics, Marie-Noel with a fever, Renee sulking, Paul ill-tempered. Ouf! They make me sick, the whole collection. I was the only one not to worry. I knew you would turn up when you were ready to come home, and not before." She dragged me down again, chuckling in her throat, and then patted me on the shoulder and thrust me away.

"I am the only one with faith in this house, isn't it true?" she said, looking up at the cure, who smiled at her, nodding his head, and as the nod continued intermittently I realised it was a nervous trick, a sort of spasm, that he could not help, having nothing to do with assent. The effect was disconcerting, and I withdrew my eyes from him, glancing at the thin woman, who had not once looked at me since I entered the room, but now closed the book she was holding.

"You don't wish me to go on reading any more, I suppose, Maman," she said, her voice dead, expressionless. I knew from what the servant had told me that she was the Mademoiselle Blanche in whose bedroom I had just trespassed, and guessed that she must therefore be an elder sister to my masquerading self. The countess turned to the cure.

"Since Jean has come home, Monsieur le cure," she said, her voice altered from the chuckle in my ear when she embraced me to one of courtesy and respect, "would you think it very rude of me if I asked to be excused this evening from our usual little lesson? He will have so much to tell me."

"Naturally, Madame la Comtesse," said the cure. "I know very well how much you have missed him, even for so short a time, and it must be a great relief for you to have him back again. I hope," he went on, turning to me, "all went well for you in Paris? They tell me the traffic nowadays is quite impossible, and that it takes an hour to get to Notre-Dame from la Concorde. I should not care for it at all, but that does not worry you young people."

"It depends," I said, "whether one is in Paris for business or for pleasure." To engage him in conversation meant safety. I did not want to be left trapped with my supposed mother, who surely would know that something was amiss.

"That is true," said the cure, "and I expect for you it was a little of both. Well, I won't keep you any longer . . ." And without warning he slipped from his chair on to his knees, closed his eyes, folded his hands, and began to pray with great rapidity, followed by Mademoiselle Blanche, while the mother, clasping her hands likewise, bowed her massive head upon her chest. I knelt also, shielding my eyes with my hands, and the two fox terriers came sniffing and pawing at my pockets.

I glanced out of the corner of my eye and saw that the servant who had brought me to the room was also kneeling, eyes fast shut, echoing in singsong fashion the responses to the cure's prayers. He came to the end of his intercession, and, lifting his hands, made the sign of the Cross upon us all and scrambled to his feet.

Continuing

The Scapegoat

from page 42

"Bonsoir, Madame la Comtesse, bonsoir, Monsieur le Comte, bonsoir, Mademoiselle Blanche, bonsoir, Charlotte," he said, bowing and nodding in turn, his pink face wreathed in smiles. There was a little commotion by the door as he and the daughter of the house each held back for the other, neither yielding in courtesy, until the cure passed first, closely followed by Mademoiselle Blanche, head bent low like an acolyte.

The servant Charlotte began mixing something from a bottle in the corner of the room, and as she came towards us with a medicine glass she said, "Monsieur le Comte will have a tray up here as well?"

"Naturally, idiot," said the comtesse, "and I'm not going to take any of that stuff. Throw it away. Go and fetch the trays. Get out!" Impatiently she gestured with her hand to the door, the flesh on her face puckering to annoyance. "Come here, come close," she said, beckoning me to sit beside her, while the two fox terriers leapt upon her lap and settled there. "Well now, did you do it, did you settle with Carvalet?"

Some faces do not speak. They are books in which not a line is written, save perhaps a date.
—H. W. Longfellow.

It was the first direct question put to me since I had come to the chateau which I could not evade with some jest or careless remark.

I swallowed. "Did I do what?" I asked.

"Renew the contract," she said.

Jean de Gue had gone to Paris, then, on business. I remembered there had been envelopes and folders in the writing-case in the valise. His friend outside the station had suggested the visit was wasted. The matter was evidently important, and the expression in her eyes brought back to me once again those words of Jean de Gue about human greed. "Minister to it . . . give people what they want . . ." This being his creed, doubtless he would satisfy his mother now. "Don't worry," I told her, "everything is arranged."

"Ah!" She gave a little grunt of satisfaction. "You actually came to terms with them after all?"

"I did."

"Paul is such a fool," she said, relaxing in her chair, "always grumbling, always looking upon the worst. Anyone would think we were completely ruined from the way he talks, and obliged to close down tomorrow. You have seen him already?"

"He was just going out," I said, "when I arrived home."

"But you told him your news?"

"No. No, there wasn't time."

"I should have thought he would have waited long enough to hear that at least," she said. "What's the matter with you? You look ill."

"I drank too much in Le Mans."

"In Le Mans? Why drink in Le Mans? Couldn't you have stayed in Paris if you wanted to celebrate?"

"I did the same in Paris.' "

"Ah . . .!" This time the exclamation was but a sigh of sympathy. "Poor boy," she said. "It's difficult for you, isn't it? You should have stayed longer for your fun. Come, kiss me again." She pulled me to her. "You amused yourself well, I hope," she murmured. "Did you, did you?"

The insinuation in her voice was unmistakable. Instead of being repelled I found myself amused, intrigued even, that this great creature, with her monstrous likeness to myself, who had just been praying with the cure, should wish to share the secrets of her son.

"Naturally I amused myself, Maman," I said, realising, as I drew away from her, that I had called her maman without effort. Oddly, this shocked me more than anything that she herself had said.

"Then you brought me the little present you promised?" Her eyes went small, her body stiff with expectation. The atmosphere suddenly became taut and strange. I did not know how to answer her.

"Did I promise you a present?" I asked.

Her great mouth sagged. Her eyes pleaded with a tense, frightened look I would not have believed possible a moment ago.

"You didn't forget?" she said.

I was spared the impossibility of replying by the reappearance of Blanche. A change of expression came like a mask over the mother's face. She bent to the terriers on her lap and began to pet them. "There, there, Jou-Jou. Give him some room, Fifi, you take up the whole of my lap. Here, go to your uncle." She forced the dog, which I did not want, into my hands, and it wriggled and squirmed until it was free, and then ran and hid under her chair. "What is the matter with Fifi?" she said, astonished. "She has never run away from you before. Has she gone mad?"

"Let her alone," I said. "She smells the train on me."

The animal was not deceived. The point was interesting. In what did my physical difference from Jean de Gue lie? His mother had sunk back in her chair, and was staring morosely at her daughter. Blanche stood stiff and straight, her hands resting on the back of a chair, her eyes fixed upon her mother.

"Am I to understand there will be two trays here for dinner?" she asked.

"Yes," rapped the mother. "It is more amusing for Jean to dine upstairs with me."

"Don't you think you have had enough excitement as it is?"

"I am not excited. I am perfectly calm, as you can see for yourself. You only say that because you want to spoil our fun."

"I don't wish to spoil anything. I'm thinking of your good. If you become too excited you won't sleep, and then you will have one of your bad days tomorrow."

"I shall have a worse day and a worse night if Jean does not stay with me now."

"Very well." The acceptance was calm, the matter shelved. The daughter proceeded to tidy books and papers about the room and I was struck by the complete tonelessness and absence of emotion in her voice, and by the fact that she never looked in my direction. I might not have been there, for all the notice that she took of me. I guessed her age to be about forty-two or three, yet she could have been older or younger. The cross and chain which she wore over the dark jumper and skirt were her only concession to adornment. She brought a table beside her mother's chair in preparation for dinner.

"Has Charlotte given you your medicine?" she asked.

"Yes," replied her mother.

The daughter sat down some distance from the roaring stove and took up knitting from a table. I could see a missal on the table, leather-bound prayer-books, and a Bible.

"Why don't you leave us?" said her mother savagely.

"I am waiting until Charlotte brings the trays," was the reply.

The passage of words between them had the immediate effect of making me a partisan of the mother. Why, I could not tell. Her manner was deplorable, and yet I found her sympathetic and the daughter the reverse.

"Marie-Noel has been seeing visions again," said the comtesse.

Marie-Noel . . . Someone below had talked of Marie-Noel having a fever. Was she another religious sister? I felt some comment was required of me.

"It's probably due to her fever," I said.

"She hasn't a fever. There's nothing wrong with her," said the comtesse. "She likes everyone to notice her, that's all. What did you say to her before you went to Paris that upset her?"

"I didn't say anything," I answered.

"You must have done. She kept telling Francoise and Renee that you were not coming back. It was not only you who told her but the Sainte Vierge as well. Isn't that so, Blanche?"

I glanced at the uncommunicative sister. She raised her pale eyes from the clicking needles, but to her mother, not to me.

"If Marie-Noel has visions," she said, "and I for one believe her, then it is time that somebody in this house took them seriously. I have said so for a long time. The cure agrees with me."

"Nonsense," retorted the mother. "I was speaking to the cure about it this evening. He says it is a very common thing, especially among the poor. Marie-Noel has probably got ideas from Germaine. I will ask Charlotte. Charlotte knows everything."

No emotion showed itself on Blanche's face, but I saw her lips tighten. "We have to remember that the cure is getting old," she said. "He becomes forgetful when too many people talk to him at once. If these visions continue I shall write to the bishop. He will know the best thing to advise, and I am very sure what his advice will be."

"What then?" asked her mother.

"That Marie-Noel should live amongst people where she cannot possibly be corrupted," came the answer, "and where she can offer her gifts to the greater glory of God."

I expected an outburst from the comtesse, but instead she patted the dog on her knee, and fumbling at her side for a paper packet took a chocolate-coated sweet and thrust it between the dog's teeth.

"There," she said, "it's good, isn't it? Where's Fifi? Fifi, do you want one, too?" The other terrier scrambled from under the chair and leapt on to her lap, nosing at the paper bag. "You are a fool, Blanche," she continued.

"If we are to have a saint in the family let us keep her at home. There are possibilities in the idea. We might turn St. Gilles into a place of pilgrimage. Naturally, it would have to be done with the approval of

To page 46

Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear . . . or cut out ready to make.



"SUSANNE."—Three-piece infant's layette includes a frock, petticoat, and nightgown. The material and color choice includes white flannelette, and no-iron plisse in pastel pink, blue, lemon, and white. Size, infant's.

Ready To Wear: Flannelette, frock 21/3, postage and registration 2/3 extra; petticoat 10/9, postage and registration 2/- extra; nightgown 24/6, postage and registration 2/6 extra; complete set 47/6, postage and registration 3/6 extra.

Cut Out Only: Flannelette, frock 16/9, postage and registration 2/3 extra; petticoat 7/6, postage and registration 2/- extra; nightgown 18/3, postage and registration 2/6 extra; complete set 33/3, postage and registration 3/6 extra.

Ready To Wear: Plisse, frock 27/6, postage and registration 2/3 extra; petticoat 16/9, postage and registration 2/- extra; nightgown 29/3, postage and registration 2/6 extra; complete set 69/6, postage and registration 3/6 extra.

Cut Out Only: Plisse, frock 19/3, postage and registration 2/3 extra; petticoat 10/3, postage and registration 2/- extra; nightgown 20/6, postage and registration 2/6 extra; complete set 48/3, postage and registration 3/6 extra.

● *Note: If ordering by mail, send to address on page 53. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication.*

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4924335

the bishop and the Church, but it would be worth considering. Money might be found at last to repair the roof of the church. The Beaux-Arts will never do anything."

"Marie-Noel's soul is of greater importance than the roof of the church," said Blanche. "If I had my way she would leave the chateau tomorrow."

"You're jealous, that's your trouble," said her mother, "jealous of her pretty face and her big eyes. One of these days Marie-Noel won't bother about visions any more — she'll want a husband." She dug her elbow in my side. I was not surprised that her daughter made no answer. "Isn't that so, Jean?" the mother persisted.

"Probably," I said.

"Pray God I live long enough to see the wedding. He'll have to be rich . . ."

Charlotte came in with a tray, closely followed by a little red-cheeked femme de chambre of about eighteen, who at sight of me blushed and giggled and said, "Bonsoir, Monsieur le Comte." I wished her good evening and she arranged a tray for me on another table. Blanche rose to her feet and put aside her knitting.

"Do you want to see Francoise or Renee before you settle for the night?" she asked.

"No," replied her mother. "I saw them both for tea. I shall sleep well tonight, now that Jean is home and I don't want to be bothered by anyone else, least of all by you."

Blanche crossed to her chair and kissed her mother, bidding her good-night. Then she left the room without having once spoken to me or looked at me. I wondered what Jean de Gue had done to offend her. I uncovered the bowl of soup on the tray beside me. It smelt good and I was hungry. The little femme de chambre, whom Charlotte addressed as Germaine, followed Blanche from the room, but Charlotte still hovered in the background watching us eat.

Curiosity made me venture a question to the mother. "What was the matter with Blanche?" I asked.

"Nothing particular," she answered. "If anything, she's irritated me less than usual. Did you notice, she didn't jump on me when I said that having a saint in the family opened up possibilities?"

"She was shocked, wasn't she?" I asked.

"Shocked? You mean delighted. You watch — she'll work on the idea. If Marie-Noel seeing visions could bring some reflected glory to herself and to St. Gilles, no one would be better pleased than Blanche. She'd have something to live for. Charlotte, are you there? Take this away. I've had enough. And give Monsieur Jean his wine. Why don't you tell me more about Paris? You have told me nothing yet."

I searched my imagination. I had not been to Paris during my past holiday, and what I knew and loved of it was too full of museums and historical buildings for her ear. I talked of eating, which she understood, and the expense, which pleased her even better, and with sudden inspiration invented visits to the theatre, a meeting with wartime friends — she even supplied their names for me, which helped. By the time we had finished eating — and we had eaten well — and the trays had been removed, I felt more at my ease with her than I had ever done with anyone in my life.

The reason for this was simple: there was no reserve on her part. She accepted me, believed me, loved me, trusted me. I held a position that had never been mine before. Had she encountered me as a stranger we should have had nothing to say to each other. As her son I risked no disapproval in anything I said. I laughed, I joked, I chatted, and the unaccustomed ease was a delight to me — until suddenly,

Continuing The Scapegoat

from page 45

when Charlotte had left the room, and she said to me, "Jean, you didn't really forget my little present, did you? You were joking."

Once again the sagging mouth, the pleading eyes. The change in her was startling. Gone was the wicked humor, the twinkle in the eye, the rollicking impression of warmth and savagery combined.

She had changed into a pitiable, trembling creature, hands clawing at mine. I did not know what to do or what to say. I rose and went to the door and called, "Charlotte, are you there?" The terriers, wakened by my voice, jumped from her knee to the ground and barked furiously.

Charlotte came quickly from some room nearby and I said, "Madame la Comtesse is unwell. You had better go to her." She looked at me and asked, "Haven't you brought it?"

"Brought what?" I asked, and the woman stared at me, eyes narrowing. "You know, Monsieur le Comte, what you promised to bring from Paris."

I tried to think of the contents of the valise and remembered the packages that looked like presents. What they were I did not know, nor where the things had been unpacked.

Charlotte said to me swiftly, "Go and find it at once, Monsieur le Comte. She will suffer if you don't."

I went down the corridor and the first flight of stairs and then hesitated again, not knowing which way to turn. I heard bath water running from some room to the left of the first-floor corridor and I went along it uncertain until I saw a half-open door next to the one which must be a bathroom. I paused in the doorway, but there was

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

someone moving inside it, so I went on again past the bathroom to the room beyond. The door was wide open and the room empty. I threw a quick glance round it and to my relief I had struck lucky.

It was a small dressing-room and I recognised the brushes on the table and a dressing-gown thrown over one of the chairs. Someone had unpacked for me and the two valises had been removed, but there on the table were the packages I had seen in one of the valises, neatly piled alongside each other. I remembered how there had been notes thrust through the string of each one, which had conveyed nothing when I looked at them in the hotel room, but now they made sense, with F, and R, and B, and P, and M-N, and, thank God, here was one addressed to "Maman," with no fancy wrapping but in strong brown paper, sealed. I took it and went out of the room and up the stairs again.

Charlotte was waiting for me at the head of the stairs. "Have you got it?" she said.

"Yes," I answered. "Does she want me to give it to her?"

She stared at me and answered, "No, no . . ." as though shocked, outraged even. Taking the package from me, she said, "Goodnight, Monsieur le Comte." Then she walked quickly away along the corridor.

The dismissal must mean that I was not needed any more and I went slowly down again to the dressing-room, wondering what to make of the abrupt end to the evening. It must have been some sort of seizure, some mental disturbance, understood by the femme de chambre and Jean de Gue, but not necessarily by the rest of the family. I hoped that whatever was in the package from Paris would bring relief. She had seemed so sane, so perfectly in control, apart from temper. She had not given me the impression of someone mentally sick.

I went and stood in the dressing-room, suddenly tired and depressed. I could not forget the change in the mother's face. As I stood there, wondering what to do, I heard a voice calling to me from the bathroom, "Have you said goodnight to Maman?"

I recognised it as the voice of Francoise, the fair, faded woman, and I noticed for the first time that leading into the bathroom was a door which had been screened from me by a large wardrobe. She must have heard me come into the dressing-room. A new thought struck me. There was no bed in the dressing-room. Where did Jean de Gue sleep?

"Are you there, Jean?" the voice called again. "I thought you might want a bath, so I ran the water for you." The voice sounded more distant now, as though she had passed into the farther room.

I went to the bathroom. It had all the signs of being used by two persons. Sponges, toothpowders, towels . . . I recognised the shaving-kit, but there was a bathing-cap, too, and a pair of woman's slippers, and a woman's bathrobe hanging on the door.

I stood quite still, fearing I might be heard from the room beyond. I heard the click of a light and a sigh, and then the voice called, complaining, "Why don't you answer me when I speak to you?" I braced myself for the effort and went through the door. I was looking into a large bedroom, the same shape and size as the one belonging to the sister Blanche, but brighter, with lightly figured wallpaper and no religious pictures. The tower alcove here held no prie-dieu, but a dressing-table, lights, and a looking-glass.

A large double-bed without hangings faced the alcove. The woman called Francoise was sitting up in it, her hair pinned in curlers, a fluffy pink bed-jacket round her shoulders. She seemed suddenly shrunken and smaller than she had appeared downstairs.

She said to me, still plaintive, still aggrieved, "Of course you had to stay the whole evening upstairs with Maman. Don't you ever for one moment stop to consider me? Even Renee, who is generally on your side, said you are becoming quite impossible."

I glanced away from her weary, complaining face to the empty pillow on the other side. I recognised the travelling clock on the small table and a carton of cigarettes. Even the striped pyjamas that I had worn at the hotel were folded neatly on the turned-down sheet.

I had thought in my stupidity that Francoise was married to Paul and was the sister of Jean de Gue. I realised with a sinking heart that, on the contrary, she was his wife.

To be continued

Printed by Compress Printing Limited for the Publisher, Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

but this hardly requires a full-time co-educational basis. In other words, do you have a coin you would care to flip?"

"I have," he said, taking out a handful of change. "Heads, you stay; tails, I stay. One flip does it. O.K.?"

"Flip," she said. He flipped it high, and let it fall to the floor.

And possibly because it was a new coin or possibly because the gods were in a jaunty mood, it hit, bounced, staggered along the edge of a cabinet, then rolled out into the centre of the kitchen, and stood on edge.

"Well, that settles it," said Joe briskly. "We both stay."

"I'll hurry and get dressed," said Cathy, "and maybe we can sell the house today."

"We only have until four o'clock," said Joe. "Don't forget the Press conference. And come to think of it, it might be a little disturbing if we had prospective purchasers trooping through while the reporters are here. I don't think CBC would like it. And, after all, we've got twelve more days; maybe we ought to put off the sales campaign till tomorrow. Get ready to meet the Press. If you want the truth, I haven't the vaguest idea what we're going to tell them. Have you?"

"Oh, we'll think of something. You wash the dishes, I'll hurry and get dressed, and we'll have a quick look at the real estate prospects."

"I'll wash the dishes this once," said Joe, "But I am setting no precedent. Get your duds on."

A few minutes later they were on the wing, driving about looking for real-estate offices. Which, in Pacific Palisades, as elsewhere, are as hard to find as dandelions in the spring. Joe whizzed past one after another without a backward glance.

"No use grabbing at the first straw," he said. "Let's not get desperate. I'll come to something good in a minute."

Since he was going west, what he came to in a minute was the ocean. A sparkling blue ocean, since it was one of those sun-drenched, fresh-as-gingham mornings that Southern California puts on now and then to remind people how things used to be B.S.—Before Smog.

Joe turned off Sunset, pulled on the emergency brake on a bluff overlooking the curving coast line, and took her in his arms and kissed her.

For a split second she relaxed against him, warm and soft and perfumy, then suddenly broke off the action, as the military terms it.

"Such tactics will get you nowhere," she said coldly. "You still don't get the convertible till we get this whole thing settled."

"You do me a grave injustice," he said. "I wasn't even thinking of the convertible. I was thinking of the omelet. If you can cook like that, let's get rid of these prying newsmen by some stratagem, and I'll lay in a real batch of supplies and we'll spend a few days just eating ourselves silly."

He looked grave. "While we think this thing out, I will get myself a room at a nearby motel; I might come over between meals to practise my cornet a little, but that's all. By the way, did your mother's teaching include apple-pie?"

"I'm sorry," she said, "but I suddenly feel as though I'm drowning. Let's get out of here. If we're going to sell this house, let's sell it."

"O.K.," he said. "If that's what you want."

And a few minutes later they were sitting in the office of the Canyon Realty Company, talking to nice Mr. Lynch, and Cathy suddenly stood up and said, "Actually, I don't know what we're even here for. It's a beautiful house; it's the first house I've ever had, even had half of, and I don't want to sell it at all."

And she began to cry, so back to Honeymoon House they went and Joe took her in his arms and said, "Take it easy; it's just a house. If you want it, keep it. Pay me my half any time you want to, any way you want to."

"And what about the convertible?" said Cathy, turning to look up at him, sniffling. "Can I keep that, too? I can't live right out here without a car."

"Why, you little pig!" said Joe, getting up and plopping her on to the sofa. "Of all the gall! Whew, women!"

Back to the real estate office.

Continuing Practically Married

from page 21

The Press conference was now an hour away.

"I'm sure we can get fifty thousand for it," said Mr. Lynch. "Certainly forty-five with no delay at all."

"We'll take thirty-five," said Cathy, "if you can sell it by noon tomorrow."

"We will not," said Joe, standing up quickly. "We certainly will not. I'm not an emotional idiot, and I don't intend to throw away my half. I worked hard for that house."

"You worked hard? Who knew the rainfall in Tierra del Fuego?"

"The Air Force, that's who. If it weren't for the Air Force,

It is always hard to believe that those who admire one's achievements can be utterly without virtue.
—Pamela Hansford Johnson.

you wouldn't know the rainfall in your backyard."

"Is that so?"

"Yes, that's so."

Back to Honeymoon House.

And when the reporters and the photographers and the CBC publicity men arrived to interview the happy couple, Cathy was lying on the sofa in the living-room crying her eyes out, and Joe was in the garage, with the Happy Husband Home Workshop going, cutting boards every which way like a tiger eating shredded wheat. "Br-r-r-r," the saw was saying. He only wished he had thicker boards that would "br-r-r-r" more.

It was the first time anybody had rung the doorbell of Honeymoon House. It was a replica of the CBC chimes. Probably a vice-president had thought of that. Joe shut off the saw, and, still holding a length of timber, strode to the door.

"Come in," he greeted them savagely, "and prepare yourselves for an earful!"

Cathy jumped up and ran sobbing into the nursery wing, and Joe grimly told them the whole story. "That's what happened," he finished, "and you can now do whatever you please about it."

"Wow!" said the reporters. "Is the phone turned on?" Eyeing the halls.

"I'll check while we grab a few shots of the dame," said one of the photographers, leading a march on the nursery wing.

Joe barred the door out of the living-room with his two-by-four mace. "Stay out of there," he said, "or I'll brain you."

So they started taking flash-bulb shots of him. Horatius at the bridge.

"Get out of here, all of you!" roared Joe.

"Oh, my!" said the head CBC publicity man, a hand to his forehead. "Mr. Wentworth's going to be terribly upset."

"Nuts to Mr. Wentworth," said Joe, "and nuts to you. Take back your blasted house!"

"Oh, it's not that simple," said the man, circling behind a protective chair. "There happen to be criminal charges involved here. I would say taking money under false pretences, at the very least . . . Wouldn't you say so, Finley?"

"Oh, I would indeed," said Finley from the lee side of the sofa. "At the very least. It will go particularly hard, I imagine, for the girl. Since she lured him into the line and gave him the extra ticket; quite evidently a plan on her part from the very beginning—definite fraud."

"I'll dot your eye for you!" said Joe. And he advanced to do it. "You leave her out of this. The whole thing was my idea, and if you've got anything to say about it, say it to me." He chunked the two-by-four into the fireplace and started unbuttoning his cuffs. "Say it now. Any or all of you."

"Oh, my!" said the first man, circling on around towards the door. "Come, Finley; we'll just have to see Mr. Wentworth . . . You'll be hearing from us," he added ominously to Joe, as they trooped out.

As they trooped out, Cathy rushed in, her eyes shining like stars. "Oh, Joe," she cried, "you were magnificent! You protected me from the rattlesnakes! Just like in Bombay!"

She flew into his arms, and suddenly he was kissing her, and she wasn't breaking off the action at all, as the military terms it, and big, whooshing comets began flashing across the heavens.

Finally Joe released her. "Cathy," he said, looking into her sea-green eyes, "let's stop the heckling. Will you marry me, house or no house, forsaking all others, including the convertible?"

"Oh, I will!" said Cathy. "I will!"

Then they were in each other's arms again, and the comets were whooshing.

And suddenly Joe let go of her so quickly that she went plopping on to the sofa like a tossed package.

"Oh, my gosh! House!" he said. Frantically he ran to the door. The reporters and the photographers and the CBC publicity men were just about to drive away—just revving the engines.

"Hey, fellows," he cried, "come back, come back! Come meet the happy engaged couple who won the house!"

Fortunately, they heard him—they could have heard him in Pasadena—and they all trooped back in, and the head CBC publicity man was just overjoyed at the good news. Because now that they were actually engaged and could have the house, the publicity would all be properly romantic, and it wouldn't upset Mr. Wentworth.

"Oh, I'm just delighted," he said, "that everything's turned out so well . . . Aren't you, Finley?"

"Oh, I am, indeed," said Finley. "There's just nothing nicer than working with these young engaged couples. A little hectic, but nice. Say, I have an idea"—looking brightly at Joe—"how would you folks like to be married on National Bridegroom. Tomorrow night at eight! We have just dandy prizes on 'National Bridegroom.' Toasters, waffle irons, trips to Australia."

"Thanks," said Joe, "thanks a lot. If we want to be on it, I'll definitely call you. O.K.?"

(Copyright)

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4924336

Talking of Films

OUR FILM GRADINGS
★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars—below average

★★ *The Light Across the Street*

THIS stark little French drama, admirable in its simplicity, suffers from the excessively come-hither photography given its feminine star, the much-publicised Brigitte Bardot.

Brigitte has a provocative, exciting screen presence which is quite capable of making its own impact without the aid of low-necked blouses and moulded skirts.

She plays a girl who insists on marrying her truck-driver sweetheart in spite of the fact that a bad crash which has impaired his mental and physcial health makes it a marriage in name only.

As the stretch of highway where the couple run a cafe-bar becomes isolated by major road repairs, tension builds up in the enforced solitude shared by Bardot, her husband, Raymond Pellegrin, and their only neighbors, garagemen Roger Pigaut and Claude Romaine.

Pellegrin finally cracks, as he becomes more and more suspicious of the growing attraction between his wife and the handsome garage owner. A star performance is given by young Claude Romaine, the garage boy who secretly covets the sultry Bardot.

Sub-titles are in English.

In Sydney—Paris.

★ *The Wrong Man*

THE Hitchcock directional talent is seen at its lowest ebb in this slow-moving drama of an innocent man who is wrongfully arrested and sent to trial. Shamelessly, the once great Hitchcock pulls every old trick out of the bag in an effort to give the film an importance it never achieves.

The story (based on fact) concerns a musician of New York's famous Stork Club who is mistaken for a man who has committed a series of armed hold-ups, is identified by witnesses, and is saved only by the arrest of his double while he is awaiting re-trial.

In the lead role Henry Fonda, as the wronged musician, gives very much the sort of bewildered, bumbling performance that he gives as the bespectacled Pierre Bezukhov in "War and Peace."

In this tale of woe not only do the people die whose testimony might have helped the unfortunate Fonda, but his wife, Vera Miles, suffers a mental breakdown in the stress of preparing for the trial.

Old Vic star Anthony Quayle, specially fitted out with an American accent for the occasion, is the surprise casting as the lawyer who takes on the case for the defence. His is not a pleasing screen personality.

In Sydney—Mayfair.

★ *The Burning Hills*

IT'S a pleasant change to find a pair of young romantic leads in an outdoor drama — usually the happy hunting ground of beat-up, ageing stars.

In starring their young romantic team, Natalie Wood and Tab Hunter, in this south of the border adventure story, Warners have taken a gamble that pays off in the youngsters' freshness and likeability.

Hunter, as the avenger of his brother's murder, is sadly lightweight in the film's early stages. But when it sheds its "High Noon" echoes, and the emphasis shifts to the girl and boy relationship and plenty of action, he emerges as a satisfactory new kind of outdoor lead.

As the half-breed Mexican girl who befriends Hunter, Natalie Wood plays her role in a sort of junior Magnani spitfire vein.

Both the scenery and color are exceptionally pleasing, but the film is notable chiefly for one tremendous all-in fight between Hunter and Skip Homeier, and for its dramatic gun play.

In Sydney—Plaza.

★ *Calypso Heat Wave*

THERE'S a treat in store for lovers of calypso and music of the rock-'n-roll type in this good-humored little Columbia film about a small recording company that is taken over by a jukebox gangster.

Its amiable actors and the wealth of talent of its musical entertainers more than make up for such deficiencies as inferior photography and lighting, and a somewhat generally slap-dash air.

Paul Langton is the recording-company boss, Johnny Desmond its star vocalist, and Merry Anders is Girl Friday to the whole concern.

Meg Myles (doing a bit of a Marilyn Monroe, it must be admitted) is rather funny as the girl-friend of the jukebox king, a part played with gusto by Michael Granger. Young Joel Grey is the office-boy who doubles as director of Desmond's fan clubs.

Entertainers include The Treniers, The Hi-Lo's, The Tarriers, and an exciting colored singer named Maya Angelou.

In Sydney—Capitol.



HOLLYWOOD newcomer charming Finnish actress Taina Elg and her handsome airline-executive husband, Karl Gustav Bjorkenheim, say goodbye to musical-comedy star Dolores Gray at a party given for Dolores before she left to return to Broadway.



HAPPY SMILES from prematurely grey Jeff Chandler and a softer-looking Lana Turner as they chat to friends across the room at a Beverly Hills private party. Lana's new hair-do is certainly a move in the right direction.

News from Studios

PEOPLE were sorry to see the marriage of youthful Venetia Stevenson and Russ Tamblyn break up not so long ago. Now the blond starlet's telephone is one of the busiest in Hollywood. Among the most frequent callers are Tony Perkins, Frank Sinatra, and Venetia's former husband, Russ. Friends are hoping he and Venetia may soon be back together again.

★ ★ ★

IT'S good news that there's another film being prepared for that fine, mature actress Shirley Booth. She's to play in the film version of the London and Broadway hit-play "The Matchmaker." Anthony Perkins, now finishing "Desire Under the Elms," will co-star. Shirley Booth has made only two films, "Come Back, Little Sheba" and "About Mrs. Leslie."

★ ★ ★

TRYING to work out final arrangements on their impending divorce settlement are Bing Crosby's new co-star of "Man on Fire," Inger Stevens, and her estranged husband, Anthony Soglio.

★ ★ ★

JAMES CAGNEY and Robert Montgomery plan to make a film on the life of one of America's greatest naval heroes, Admiral William F. Halsey. He, of course, commanded America's naval forces in the Pacific area during World War II. Cagney will play Halsey, with Montgomery directing. Montgomery should have no difficulty with the naval protocol, as he finished up at the end of the war as a lieutenant-commander in the Navy.

★ ★ ★

HEDY LAMARR, who has been away from films for so long, plans a comeback. Universal have signed her up to play opposite George Nader in "The Female Animal." She will have keen competition from her stepdaughter in the film, Jane Powell.

★ ★ ★

AFTER his success as Napoleon in "War and Peace," Czech-born star Herbert Lom is turning down Hollywood offers right and left. Says he: "I am too busy in British studios." Lom has had four top roles in a row. And having made his singing debut in the London stage version of "The King and I" two years ago, he is now rehearsing to sing the lead in another West End musical, "Namouna," adapted from a play by the French dramatist Jacques Deval.

Goddard's
Silver Dip
cleans silver
faster
easier
better
than any other silver cleaner

Watch your silver sparkle at the miraculous touch of SILVER DIP. The instant Silver Cleaner . . . so easy and safe. World famous Goddard's SILVER DIP.



Dip! Rinse! Dry!

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF FAMOUS GODDARD'S PLATE POWDER
N191

Rice Pudding
takes on new glamour, new flavour with...
NESTLÉ'S FULL CREAM MILK and SUNWHITE RICE





Nestlé's Milk makes rice pudding creamy rich, twice as nourishing. Serve it soon, it's everyone's favourite, and this recipe never fails.

CREAMY SUNWHITE RICE PUDDING
• ½ cup uncooked Sunwhite Rice • ¾ cup Nestlé's Sweetened Condensed Milk • ½ cup raisins • 2 eggs (optional)

Boil ½ cup of Sunwhite Rice in salted water to make 1½ cups boiled rice. Add raisins and ¾ cup Nestlé's Sweetened Condensed Milk to the boiled, drained rice. Then cook for a further 10 minutes on a very low heat, stirring constantly. Serve hot or cold. For extra creaminess, add well-beaten eggs with Sweetened Condensed Milk and raisins. Serves 4-6.

NM.78.12

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4924337

Wonderful in Winter...



Swift

wholesome

HOT MEALS



in 11 delicious varieties

- BEEF & VEGETABLES
- STEAK & KIDNEY PUDDING
- IRISH STEW
- PLATE BRAND MEAT BALLS
- CASSEROLE STEAK
- BEEF SAUSAGES
- PORK SAUSAGES
- LAMB & PEAS
- STEAK & ONIONS
- STEWED STEAK
- VIENNA SAUSAGE



Grocer Sam Says: Swift FOOD PRODUCTS ARE ALWAYS GOOD!

Swift Australian Company (Pty.) Limited

Nationwide manufacturers and distributors of famous food products

"BAKEO – not only quick but always so fresh and reliable!"

– says Mrs. J. BRADSHAW

1180 Beaudesert Rd., Coopers Plains, Brisbane



"Remember all the trouble we used to go to making pastry? Now, all we do is add water to Maxam Pastry Mix, roll out, and it's ready. But while I appreciate Bakeo's speed, I like it best because it's always so fresh and reliable. I don't know what pastry failure is since I changed to Bakeo."

ONLY THE CHOICEST INGREDIENTS GO INTO –



SUCCESS IS GUARANTEED!



TIP BAKEO INTO BOWL – ADD WATER – ROLL OUT AND BAKE

Another MAXAM Time Saver

MAXAM SCONE MIX

24 HOT SCONES FOR LESS THAN A PENNY EACH–

add milk, roll out and bake.

WRITE FOR FREE MAXAM BAKEO RECIPE BOOK TO DEPT. "B" MAXAM FOOD PRODUCTS G.P.O. BOX 658 K, BRISBANE



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4924338

DIONE LUCAS COOKS WITH... ORANGES...

● The golden orange can rightly take its place as an indispensable ingredient in many of the world's most delectable dishes.

WELL over a century ago, George Suttor, who had a farm near Parramatta, N.S.W., wrote that he hoped the orange would take "a conspicuous place in the production of our Australian colonies, as a delicious and wholesome fruit."

Now, the orange takes a conspicuous place in the kitchen as well, for it is one of the most valuable cooking ingredients.

The recipes that follow show something of this fruit's amazing versatility.

All spoon measurements are level.

SCANDINAVIAN ORANGE SOUP

Two cups fresh orange juice, 2 cups weak tea, juice of 2 lemons, 4oz. castor sugar, 1 teaspoon cornflour, 1 dessertspoon finely shredded orange rind, the skinned sections of one large orange, ½ cup water.

Put sugar, shredded orange rind, and water into a pan. Stir over slow fire until sugar melts, then allow to simmer until orange rind is transparent. Mix cornflour with lemon juice, stir into orange juice and tea. Mix this with the sugar syrup and stir over heat until it comes to a boil. Simmer 5 to 6 minutes and serve hot with a few pieces of skinned orange sections in each bowl of soup.

Note: This can also be served ice cold by placing in small glass bowls surrounded by crushed ice.

FISH WITH ORANGE

Two pounds fish, 3 large navel oranges, 1 clove garlic, 1 small onion, ¼lb. small firm mushrooms, 2 teaspoons meat extract, 2 teaspoons cornflour, lemon juice, ½ cup water, ½ cup dry wine, 1 bay leaf, salt and black pepper, 18 small steamed new potatoes, chopped parsley, 2oz. butter, ½ teaspoon tomato paste.

Wash the fish in a little lemon juice and water, dry on a cloth. Cut into 6 or 7 neat steaks, and place on a well-greased baking-dish. Pour white wine over it and the ½ cup water, flavored with bay leaf, salt and pepper. Top fish with half of the mushrooms cut into very thin slices, cover with greased paper. Place in a moderate oven for 20 minutes.

Melt butter in small deep pan; add finely chopped onion and garlic, cook very slowly for 2 minutes. Add remaining mushrooms cut into thin slices, season with salt and pepper. Cook for another 2 minutes, stir in, off the fire, the meat extract, tomato paste, and blended cornflour. Stir until smooth, strain on 1½ cups of the stock from the fish, bring to a boil. Allow to simmer a few minutes, add skinned sections of oranges. If the sauce is a little too thick, add a little orange juice.

Arrange the fish on a hot flat serving-dish, carefully spoon over sauce, and pile at each end the small steamed potatoes which have been mixed with a little chopped parsley.

CANETON A L'ORANGE

One 4½lb. duck, 1½ tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons Marsala wine, 1½ tablespoons finely shredded orange rind, 3 large oranges, ½ cup orange juice, salt and pepper, 1 teaspoon tomato paste, ½ teaspoon meat extract, 2 teaspoons cornflour, 1½ cups stock, ½ cup red wine, 3 cups mashed potatoes, 1 egg, 1 dessertspoon grated orange rind, 1 dessertspoon unsalted butter, a little flour, breadcrumbs, and beaten egg.

Place cleaned gizzards, liver, and heart inside duck, also one orange cut in halves. Season with salt, pepper, and tie up. Dot with butter, roast 1½ hours in moderate oven, basting frequently. Remove, carve carefully, arrange flesh on serving-dish. Pour over it the following sauce:

Put 1½ tablespoons of duck drippings in saucepan, add shredded orange rind. Cook 1 minute. Stir in cornflour, tomato paste, and meat extract. Pour on orange juice, stock, and wines. Stir over fire until it boils. Season. Add orange sections. Pour over duck. Garnish at each end with the following potatoes.

Add egg, unsalted butter, and orange rind to mashed potatoes. Chill thoroughly. Form into small cork shapes. Dust with flour. Brush with beaten egg. Roll in breadcrumbs. Fry in deep fat until golden-brown.

BRAISED CELERY WITH ORANGE

Two heads of celery, the grated rind and the juice of two large oranges, 6 slices of bacon, 2 small onions, 2 small carrots, 1 teaspoon meat extract, 1 teaspoon flour, 1 cup meat stock, salt and black pepper, 2 teaspoons vinegar, 1oz. butter, chopped parsley.

Carefully remove outside stalks of the celery and cut into pieces 4in. long; place in a large saucepan, cover with cold water, and very slowly bring to the boil. Drain and cut in halves lengthwise.

Place 3 slices of bacon in the bottom of an oblong baking-dish. Cut onion and carrot into very thin slices and scatter half of them on top of bacon; season with salt and pepper and place celery on top and scatter the rest of the vegetables on celery; cover with remaining slices of bacon. Mix the meat extract, orange juice, grated orange rind, and vinegar together, pour over celery; cover with well-greased paper and braise in hot oven 45 to 55 minutes, or until celery is quite soft. Carefully place the celery on a small earthenware dish, strain the stock, melt butter, stir in the flour, mix in stock and stir over fire until it comes to the boil. Simmer 3 minutes, pour over celery, and sprinkle with parsley.

CREPES SUZETTE

Ingredients for pancakes: Four tablespoons plain flour, 1 whole egg, 1 egg yolk, pinch salt, 1 tablespoon melted butter, 1 cup milk.

Ingredients for sauce: Two large oranges, 2oz. unsalted butter, ¼ cup sugar, ¼ cup Cointreau, ¼ cup Cognac.

Place flour in small bowl; add a pinch of salt, egg, egg-yolk, and 2 tablespoons of milk. Beat until very smooth, stir in cooled butter and remaining milk. Allow to stand in refrigerator for at least 1 hour. Heat a heavy omelet pan and wipe it out with a little butter. Pour a very thin coating of batter to cover the bottom of the omelet pan. Brown on one side; turn or toss over and brown on the other. Fold the pancakes in three and reheat them in the following sauce:

Heat butter, sugar, the juice of two oranges, the finely shredded rind of one orange, and the Cointreau. Simmer very slowly until the orange rind is quite transparent. If too thick, add a little more orange juice. Pour over pancakes and flame with Cognac. Serve still flaming.

Continued on page 52



***FLAVOR OF ORANGE** predominates in both the sweet and savory dishes featured above — fish with savory mushroom sauce and slices of simply made luncheon bread.*



***HIGHLIGHT** of a successful dinner party could be the flaming sugar loaf added to orange-flavored coffee just before serving, as shown by the young hostess above.*

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4924339

Some people still do it this way...



BUT MODERN HANDS USE

CAN-O-MAT

the streamlined wall can-opener with a lifetime of good looks and good use



You won't use that difficult, sometimes dangerous old-style opener another minute more, once you've seen "dream-kitchen" CAN-O-MAT—the precision wall can-opener that works with a turn of the hand . . . *one* hand! CAN-O-MAT will clip to *any* wall and open *any* shape and size of can quickly, cleanly, with no risk of cut fingers. And no more fishing in the food for severed lids—a cunning little magnet whisks them away.



A little magnet lifts the lid. Cutting wheel comes out for easy cleaning.



MEMO TO HUSBANDS

Say "Many Happy Returns" with CAN-O-MAT—the anniversary gift that helps her handsomely. CAN-O-MAT, the thoughtful gift!



CAN-O-MAT BRINGS ITS OWN BEAUTY TO YOUR KITCHEN . . . FOR A LIFETIME OF YEARS!

C.C. Distributors Pty. Ltd., 221 Bridge Road, Glebe, N.S.W. MW 3128

CC.6.102g

DR. MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS

act in 3 main ways to keep you fit, active and attractive, free from rheumatic, joint and muscular aches and pains.

DR. MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS

(1) Supply trace elements and electrolytes you daily need to renew your body tissues. (2) expel surplus fluid by gentle osmosis and diuresis, and (3) help regulate your body functions.

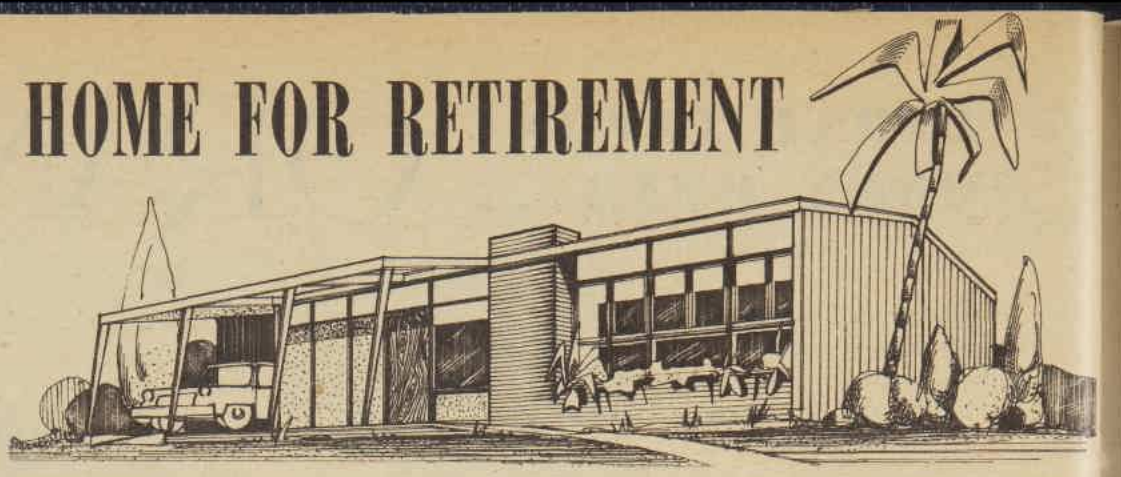
DR. MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS

are used by more than a million people, they are harmless and safe for the most delicate persons and treatment costs you only a few pence a day.

DR. MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS

will help keep you and yours active and attractive—free from crippling, painful rheumatism, fibrositis, aching joints and muscular pains. Get them everywhere for 9/- or 5/- and start this famous treatment today.

HOME FOR RETIREMENT



SKETCH ABOVE shows the exterior of the house that is ideal for a retired couple whose family are grown up and living in their own homes. Designed for easy and informal living, the small, compact plan reduces housework and gives the parents the opportunity to develop a new set of interests.

● With the family grown up and settled in their own homes, parents often consider the possibility of selling the old house and building something smaller. The home that was ideal for the family is usually too big for just the two of them.

NEW labor-saving devices included in a small, compact plan give a new-found freedom for mother, who has hitherto been tied down to her domestic duties.

A minimum floor area designed for flexibility of use cuts down housework and provides the opportunity for a new set of interests.

The requirements for such a home must, of course, vary with the individual, but there are some fundamentals that should be considered in planning for retirement.

The site should be selected in a district close to transport and with a minimum of hills.

The building block itself, if reasonably level, will reduce building costs and prevent the necessity for long flights of steps. Ramps of an easy gradient would replace steps.

A site with a good frontage of about 60ft. and a limited depth of about 120ft. to 150ft.

ARCHITECT'S DIARY
By Sydney architect
W. J. McMURRAY

has the advantage of allowing privacy from neighbors, and also cuts down the need for too much heavy gardening.

The location of the house in relation to adjacent houses should be given some thought. Older people need peace and quietness, and the bedroom should be placed accordingly to ensure that possible noises from other families do not become a nuisance.

This may involve the new home being set back beyond the general building alignment. If this is not possible, the bedroom should be located on a side that is away from adjacent living-rooms.

The plan should provide economical space with provision for accommodating members of the family who may be staying overnight. This may take the form of a sewing-room with a sunny aspect furnished with a day-bed.

This room, if divided from the main living-room by a folding screen, provides extra space for the family get-together.

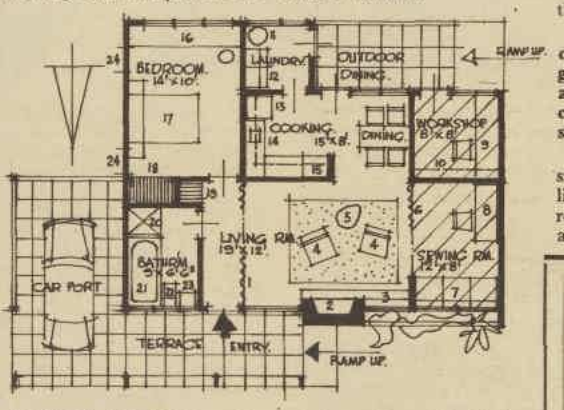
Many husbands on retirement picture a workroom, where they can potter about doing woodwork and the many repair jobs for which formerly they have had too little time.

Cooking at this stage becomes a minor job, and I suggest that the kitchen becomes a small, compact cooking recess with plenty of cupboard space.

The dining area could be a small recess between the main living-room and the cooking recess, giving an open feeling and an informality which are more suitable for a couple than for a large family.

The construction I suggest for the design consists of timber-framed walls lined externally with vertical weatherboards, with a low-pitched asbestos-cement roof. Ceiling linings, if secured to the underside of the rafters, are economical, and provide a raking effect, giving a spacious appearance.

The estimated cost of the basic design without car-port, workshop, and sewing-room is about £2300. The addition of a car-port would cost a further £150; the workshop and sewing-room an extra £450.



PLAN OF A HOME for retirement shows: 1, curtain; 2, fireplace; 3, bookshelves; 4, lounge chairs; 5, occasional table; 6, folding partition; 7, settee; 8, sewing table; 9, work and hobby bench; 10, shelving; 11, washing machine; 12, tubs; 13, refrigerator; 14, sink and drainer; 15, stove; 16, alternate sewing bench; 17, double bed; 18, wardrobe; 19, linen store; 20, shower recess; 21, bath; 22, toilet; 23, handbasin; 24, highlight windows.

FEEDING PROBLEMS

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

THERE are several reasons for a very young baby to refuse to nurse at the breast or suck from a bottle.

Sometimes the mother experiences what is known as "late lactation," when her breasts do not secrete sufficient milk. After sucking for two or three minutes and emptying the breasts the baby will struggle or "fight" the breast and refuse to suck. In such a case the baby must be given a complementary feed.

However, no mother need despair of her milk supply not building up, for with patience and perserverance a full supply can usually be established by the end of a month or six weeks.
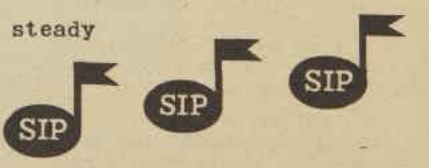
Abnormal conditions in the baby, such as tongue tie, hare-lip (fortunately rare), and thrush can cause early feeding difficulties. Any malformation, cracking, or soreness of the mother's nipples can also interfere with breast feeding.

The early use of a dummy is a very common cause, as it destroys the baby's natural sucking action. He will only get the milk when there is a quick, free flow.

How's your reputation?

If you want your family and friends to salute you as a cook extraordinary, do this . . . buy a packet of Simpson's Pudding Mix from your grocers. Take your pick of four wonderful old-fashioned flavours—date, plum, sultana and caramel sponge, every one a firm favourite. The rest is easy! Just add milk and mix. Three minutes is all you need to prepare the most delicious steamed pudding you ever tasted. Simpson's have done the work, you take all the credit. Win your family's approval by serving steamed pudding, tonight! It's child's play with Simpson's Pudding Mix, at your grocer's NOW!

The faster you're rid of dangerous congestion the faster you'll be rid of your cold or 'flu. **Bonnington's Irish Moss** provides the fastest way to get rid of all that dangerous congestion. Keep up that steady



at home and at work.

3/6 everywhere.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4924340

When the weather is cold and appetites sharp

Oh-h-h Boy!

piping hot Chicken Soup



MAGGI

CHICKEN NOODLE SOUP
and
CREME OF CHICKEN

Could anything taste more delicately, deliciously chickeny! With Maggi Chicken Soups on hand you can have chicken soup anytime. Smooth-and-creamy Creme of Chicken, or clear-and-piquant, bountifully noodley, Chicken Noodle Soup—piping hot and on the table in a matter of minutes. Four big serves from every packet—for a few pennies a plate.

NESTLE'S MAKE MAGGI SOUPS

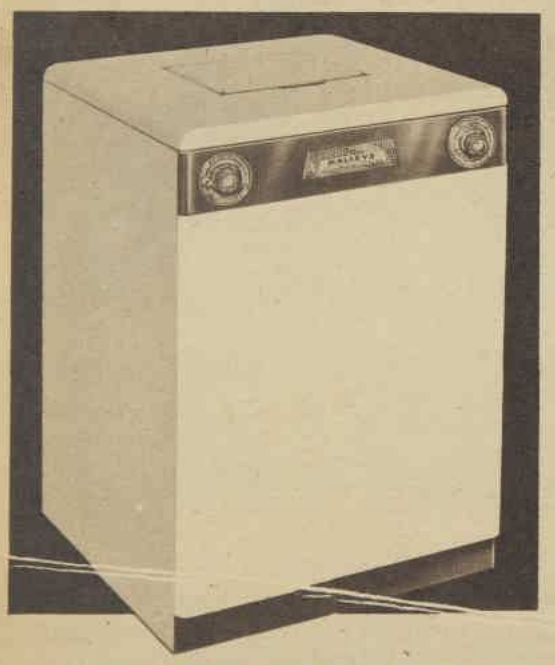
Quick and Easy Menu Variety —*with an assorted stack of Maggi Soups on hand (they pack so easily, cost so little!) Minestrone, Mushroom, Pea Soup with Ham, etc.*

SS7-8

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5790265



You can wash EVERYTHING this family is wearing in a



MALLEYS Automatic

See that linen sports coat on dad? No need to have it expensively dry-cleaned — just toss it in a Malleys and wash it clean as new. The same with all the other clothes in the picture — and the underwear you can't see. *Everything* washes beautifully in a Malleys.

Best part of all, your Malleys does the work while you relax. So settle down and enjoy yourself with the family — while your Malleys washes, rinses, spin-dries and turns itself off *completely automatically*.

IT'S SO EASY TO PUT A MALLEYS IN YOUR HOME — IT DOESN'T NEED A HOT WATER SYSTEM!

Malleys heats its own water, right up to boiling point if you wish • you may choose the *exact* temperature and washing time you require • has safest top loading • no other washing machine can beat its 12-lb. capacity • washes freshest, cleanest, best because it pre-soaks, gives 3 thorough rinses, spin-dries your clothes and adds a final fresh-air tumble! *costs less than any other comparable machine:* 171 guineas, or 142 guineas with single dial control. Prices slightly higher in country areas. **Buy either model on the easiest of terms.** Free installation to approved sites, of course.



CHEESE BISCUITS may be given an extra touch of flavor if a sprinkling of poppy seeds or a dab of fruit chutney is placed on the uncooked cheese biscuit rounds before baking.

ROYAL RECIPE WINS PRIZE

A Queensland reader, who sent in Queen Elizabeth's recipe for a cake, wins the £5 prize in our recipe contest this week.

THE prizewinner is Mrs. A. Hoge, who states, "Queen Elizabeth sent this cake, together with the recipe, to a charity bazaar held near Windsor. I thought it may be of interest to other readers."

All spoon measurements in our recipes are level.

QUEEN'S CAKE

Three ounces butter or substitute, 1 cup sugar, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 cup chopped dates, 1 cup boiling water, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate soda, 1¼ cups flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ cup chopped walnuts.

Place dates, boiling water, and bicarbonate soda in saucepan, stir over low heat until dates are soft and pulpy, allow to cool. Cream butter with sugar and vanilla, add egg, beat well. Stir in date mixture, then walnuts. Lastly fold in sifted flour, salt, and baking powder. Pour mixture into a greased shallow 10in. x 10in. cake-tin. Bake in moderate oven 40 to 50 minutes or until cooked. Cool on cake-cooler, ice with lemon icing; cut into squares before serving.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. A. Hoge, Stamm St., Indooroopilly, S.W.2, Qld.

FAMILY DISH

A POTATO-AND-SAUSAGE-ROLL with a hard-boiled egg centre is this week's family dish. It costs four shillings and sixpence, and serves four.

POTATO-AND-SAUSAGE-ROLL

One pound potatoes, 1lb sausage-meat, ½ teaspoon mixed herbs, 1 onion, 1 beaten egg, 2 hard-boiled eggs, 1 dessertspoon tomato sauce, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, breadcrumbs, fat.

Cook and mash potatoes, mix with sausage-meat, herbs, finely chopped onion, sauces, parsley, and half the beaten egg. Shape into roll, make a hollow along centre. Place hard-boiled eggs, cut in halves, along centre. Mould sausage mixture over eggs. Brush roll all over with balance of beaten egg and coat with breadcrumbs. Place in hot fat in baking-dish; bake in moderate oven 40 to 45 minutes.

DIONE LUCAS COOKS WITH ORANGES *(Continued from page 49)*

POUSSE CAFE WITH ORANGE

Make very strong cups of demi-tasse coffee, and pour boiling hot into the cups. Place a lump of sugar which has been rubbed with the outside rind of an orange on to a large spoon. Pour a little hot dark rum over the sugar. Light it and pour it into the coffee just before drinking.

ORANGE BREAD WITH HONEY

One ounce butter, 1 cup clear honey, 1 well-beaten egg, 1 dessertspoon grated orange rind, 2 tablespoons finely chopped citron peel, 2½ cups plain flour, 2½ teaspoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon baking soda, ½ teaspoon salt, ¾ cup unstrained orange juice, ½ cup chopped blanched almonds, ½ cup finely chopped brazil nuts.

Cream butter and honey together; add beaten egg, grated orange rind, and chopped citron peel. Mix baking powder, soda, salt, and flour together and sift twice. Add chopped nuts and orange juice and mix well. Pour into a buttered loaf-pan, brush the top with a little melted butter, and bake in slow oven until the bread is brown on top and has shrunk a little from the sides of the pan. Allow to become quite cold before using. This orange bread is best if sliced very thin and buttered before serving.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4924342

* *Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers send money orders only direct to Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney.*

Fashion PATTERNS



F4575.—Smartly styled front-buttoned coat-dress. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5¼yds. 36in. material. Price 4/-.

F4576. — Slender-line sheath dress. The design can be made with short or three-quarter-length sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3¾yds. 36in. material and ¼yd. 36in. contrast. Price 4/-.

F4577. — Empire-line daytime dress. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2¾yds. 54in. material. Price 4/-.

F4579. — Ballerina-length party dress designed with an Empire-line silhouette. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5yds. 36in. taffeta and 4¾yds. 36in. lace. Price 4/6.

F4580. — Glamorous trousseau nightgown. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3¼yds. 36in. material and ⅛yd. 36in. contrast. Price 4/6.

PATTERN FOR BEGINNERS

F4578.—Beginners' pattern for an easy-to-make small girl's pinafore dress. Sizes 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Requires 2 to 3yds. of 36in. material. Price 2/6.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

Needlework Notions are available for only six weeks from date of publication.



No. 501.—BLOUSE
Smart blouse, finished with a deep, V-shaped, back-and-front neckline, is obtainable cut out ready to make. The material is sanforised poplin, obtainable in black, lipstick, red, white, pale pink, coral, and ming-blue.
Sizes: 32 and 34in. bust 29/6; 36 and 38in. bust 32/6. Postage and registration 2/9 extra.

No. 502.—CUMMERBUND BELT
Currently popular cummerbund belt is obtainable cut out ready to make. Detailed making instructions are included with each order. The material and color choice is the same as quoted for the blouse. Price 3/3. Postage 8d. extra.

No. 503.—SKIRT
Pretty skirt designed with all-round gathers is obtainable cut out ready to make in a printed waffle everglaze. The color choice includes blue and pink, lemon and blue, red and blue, all printed on a white ground.
Sizes 24½, 26, 28, 30, and 32in. waist 39/3. Postage and registration 3/6 extra.

No. 504.—GUEST TOWELS
The towels are obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider with personal motifs on good-quality huckaback. The color choice includes pale pink, blue, lemon, green, and white.
Size: 15 by 24in. 4/11 each. Postage and registration 6d. extra. Set of three 14/3. Postage and registration 1/6 extra.

No. 505.—SMALL GIRL'S DRESS
The dress is obtainable cut out ready to make in a printed summer breeze cotton featuring a colored circle on a white background. The color arrangements include red, lemon, green, pink, and blue, all printed on white.
Sizes: Lengths, 18in. for 2 years 19/3; 20in. for 3 to 4 years 21/6; 22in for 5 to 6 years 23/9; 28in. for 7 to 8 years 23/11. Postage and registration 2/6 extra.

No. 506.—SMALL GIRL'S PEDAL-PUSHERS AND BLOUSE
Attractive twosome for a small girl, obtainable cut out ready to make. The blouse is available in check gingham; the color choice includes red and white, pink and white, brown and white, green and white, and mauve and white. The pedal-pushers are available in denim; the color choice includes blue, green, brown, and burgundy.
Sizes: 4 years, blouse and pedal-pushers 18/11 each; 5 to 6 years, blouse and pedal-pushers 19/9 each; 7 to 8 years, blouse and pedal-pushers 21/6 each; 9 to 10 years 23/9. Postage and registration 2/6 extra.

I know, and you know!



that washing is to get clothes clean, but washing alone cannot make your white clothes dazzling white"

says Mary Rawlins

. . . only

Reckitt's Blue

keeps white clothes truly white

Every woman knows that she can never hope for dazzling white sheets and shirts and other white things unless they have a last rinse in Reckitt's Blue. WASH to get the dirt out. RINSE to get rid of loose dirt and suds, and then into RECKITT'S BLUE for that proud, lovely white. That's the secret.

. . . and for perfect starching

more and more women are now using Robin, the easy-to-mix powder starch that does not stick to the iron. Therefore, ironing is easier and linens are crisp and fresh looking.

ROBIN *Starch*

GIVES WINGS TO YOUR IRON

Remember! **Reckitt's Blue** and **Robin Starch** *—your perfect washday companions*

BREAK UP COUGHS, COLDS *OVERNIGHT!*

1. Soothing linctus relieves congestion and irritation in nose, throat and chest.

2. Lantigen anti-cold oral vaccine attacks the basic germ infection.

MARVELLOUS RESULTS! " . . . As a victim of the most severe attacks of common cold and sore throat, at last I have a marvellous treatment, rapid results, absolutely wonderful." Edinburgh Cough Mixture relieves coughing, sore throats, congestion faster. Get a bottle today. From Chemists only.

Edinburgh
COUGH MIXTURE
containing LANTIGEN anti-cold vaccine

104ECH ★ ORIGINAL OF TESTIMONIAL ON OUR FILES

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4924341

WIN THIS NEW AUSTIN A55

THE NEW LOOK IN FAMILY MOTORING.



write the last line in the

Johnson's Baby Powder Jingle Contest

Let Johnson's Baby Powder keep
You morning-fresh and gay,
It's best for all the family.
" _____ "



It's so easy to win!

Just complete the jingle by adding the last line. Send as many entries as you like, with your name and address, to "Johnson's Baby Powder Contest, Sydney." No entry form, no entry fee. Ask for a free descriptive leaflet wherever you usually buy your Johnson's Baby Powder. It's fun for all the family—and YOU could win this glamour car!

PLUS SPECIAL BONUS 100 GALLONS PETROL FREE!

Listen to the Quiz Kids for further details

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, is investigating the beauty contest won by
PRINCESS NARDA: From five million other contestants. There is some confusion over the awarding of the prizes and the promoter is forced to announce that his mysterious instructions from an unknown sponsor say that there is to be only one grand prize, not three as had been promised. The second and third place-getters are furious and go to the police. Meanwhile Narda and Mandrake receive further instructions from the promoter and are told Narda is to go to a certain empty field at a certain time. NOW READ ON:







IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY — *BY RUD*



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4924344



NEW FORMULA

Safe, sure, soothing for baby!

Baby troubled with teeth? then NEW-FORMULA Steedman's Powders will bring safe, sure, swift relief! Made to a revised prescription in line with modern medical trends, Steedman's Powders restore regularity to baby's system when upset, feverish or constipated.

New STEEDMANS POWDERS Available Everywhere

R197



JUST TELL THE WIFE to buy FORD PILLS in the larger economy Family size, and get over twice the quantity for only 6/- EVERYWHERE

FORD PILLS



15 hairsets for 4/10

QUICKSET WITH CURLYPET

Give YOUR hair new silky loveliness and save pounds on your hair-do's.

Get a tube of concentrated *Curlypet*—squeeze *Curlypet* into a pint milk bottle of warm water—shake till mixed—now you have a pint of the best, most fragrant quickset lotion you've ever used.

Get concentrated *Curlypet* for 4/10 from your chemist or store.

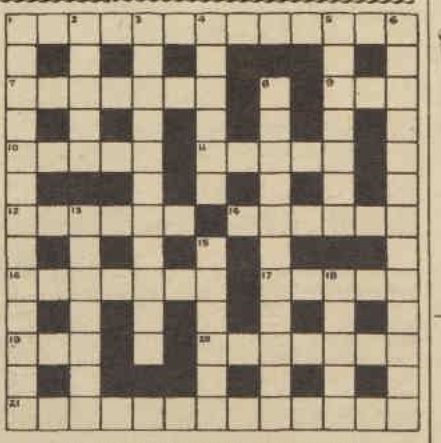
QUICKSET WITH CURLYPET

CN6

"Every young mother should read BABY MAGAZINE," says Sister Mary Jacob, our Mothercraft Nurse. BABY is 2/- per copy at all newsagents.



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



Solution will be published next week.

ACROSS

1. For a detailed description you must add spice to a fiction (13).
7. Unavailing when giving instruction not to employ so much (7).
9. An admirer for cooling your face (3).
10. They have their jockeys, too (5).
11. It helps you to remain on the straight line (5).
12. No small coin is hurtful (6).
14. Word of honor; it's father and the part he may perform (6).
16. In Australia is placed before a reef (7).
17. We with a rod make up a person's natural gift (5).
19. Beer kept in antediluvial earthenware (3).
20. Careless freedom of a sailor and a badly articled fellow (7).
21. Brood on the receiver and be neutral (3, 2, 3, 5).

DOWN

1. One who speaks much, but performs little except in an orchestra (8, 5).
2. They are pointless if they are buttoned (5).
3. Not indispensable starting in the greatest industrial city of the Ruhr (11).
4. Implantation in rest (6).
5. It's hell. Deduce it as a fact? No (7).
6. No light sleep with pear and a broken cane and you are in default in court (3, 10).
8. Fifty-fifty (4, 3, 4).
13. Set right within a child's bedstead (7).
15. He-carp (Anagr. 6).
18. Spread out in dew (5).

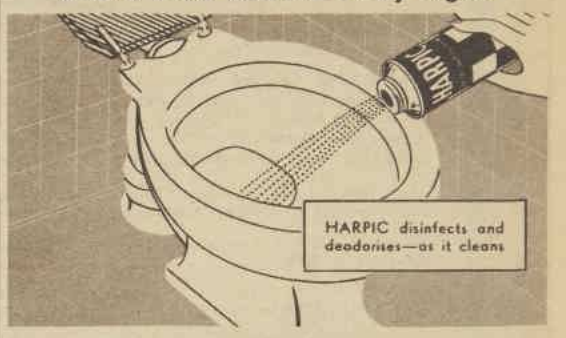


Solution of last week's crossword.

No brush can clean around this dangerous HIDDEN "S" BEND



Keep your toilet clean and bright with a little HARPIC every night





NEW PLEASANT WAY TO REALLY CLEAN YOUR TOILET!

Simply sprinkle in Harpic at night and flush in the morning. While you sleep, Harpic cleans thoroughly, killing germs around that hidden "S" bend, leaving the entire lavatory bowl sparkling, hygienically clean. Delicately perfumed, Harpic keeps your bathroom or lavatory sweet-smelling. Harpic can be used with perfect safety for cleaning septic tank toilet bowls. Ask for Harpic at your store.

HARPIC REGD.

Safe for cleaning septic tank toilet bowls

CLEANS ROUND THE "S" BEND • DISINFECTS • DEODORISES

Men go for Mustard!



..but it must be **Keen's**

HO63F

SECRET OF A COMFY BABY!



Harsh soaps were never meant for baby's skin! He has so much washing, so many nappy changes, that kindness as well as common sense demands the gentle, soothing care of Cuticura Soap. This fragrant soap cannot irritate the most sensitive skin and actually contains the famous Cuticura Ointment—mildly medicated to keep him cool and comfy amidships! The Ointment itself quickly soothes nappy rash and gives baby lasting comfort. Always use gentle, soothing

Mother's Beauty Treatment

For radiant, lovely skin use superfatted Cuticura Soap.

Cuticura

THE SOAP WITH THE FAMOUS OINTMENT IN IT!

921

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4924345

Positive Relief from COUGHING!



Nyal 'Decongestant' Cough Elixir Gives You Faster, More Effective Relief

When coughs and bronchial congestion make your life a misery, get faster, more positive relief with NYAL 'Decongestant' Cough Elixir—the modern formulation which "breaks" stubborn coughs far, far better than ordinary mixtures. The 3-way-expectorant, sedative, decongestive-action of NYAL 'Decongestant' Cough Elixir brings you a proven effective medicine to fight winter coughs.

Stops Irritating Coughing. Because NYAL 'Decongestant' Cough Elixir penetrates ***instantly*** into congested membranes of throat and chest, it stops tight, uncomfortable bronchial coughs **quickly.** The gentle expectorant action liquefies and cuts away bronchial secretions which cause irritation. **You've never known such soothing relief!**

Makes Breathing Easier. Only NYAL **'Decongestant'** Cough Elixir contains Phenylephrine—an active agent for relieving congestion. Shrinks swollen bronchial tubes and phlegm-congested membranes you'll breathe easier; get more restful sleep at night, undisturbed by harsh, racking coughing.

Adults, children, babies can all benefit by taking NYAL **'Decongestant'** Cough Elixir. There are 3 formulations with dosages specially adjusted for all ages:

Infants 6 months to 5 years—NYAL 'Decongestant' **BABY** Cough Elixir—3 fl. oz., **4/-;** 6 fl. oz., **5/9.**

Children 5 years to 12 years—NYAL 'Decongestant' **CHILDREN'S** Cough Elixir—6 fl. oz., **5/9;** 12 fl. oz., **9/11.**

Adults and children over 12 years—NYAL 'Decongestant' Cough Elixir—6 fl. oz., **5/9;** 12 fl. oz., **9/11.**

Nyal 'DECONGESTANT' COUGH ELIXIR

Nyal

SOLD ONLY BY CHEMISTS

Breathe freely in 2 minutes!



At last—here's the relief from "stuffy" head colds you have longed for! You'll breathe freely 2 minutes after using a NYAL *'Decongestant'* Nasal Spray—the *newest, most modern* form of nasal medication known. Contains an active agent for relieving congestion: does not sting: can be used as often as necessary. *So easy to use.* The ingenious microspray tip of the pliable squeeze-plastic pack ensures that the relief-giving spray reaches high into the blocked nasal passages—shrinking them to normal. Carry a pack with you—*get relief anywhere, anytime.* **6/-.** And now, for children—Nyal Pediatric Nasal Spray, 5/6.



Nyal 'DECONGESTANT' NASAL SPRAY

Stops Sore Throat Instantly!

End the nagging pain of sore, inflamed throats *now.* The new triple-acting formula of NYAL Medicated Throat Lozenges bring you *instant,* soothing relief. The *sedative, antiseptic, anæsthetic* action checks infection . . . suppresses coughing . . . stops soreness — makes your throat feel right! Slip one — just one — NYAL Medicated Throat Lozenge into your mouth and feel how quickly you get relief. 24 lozenges, **4/-;** 50 lozenges, **6/9.**



Nyal MEDICATED THROAT LOZENGES



Soothing Relief from Cold Sores

See how quickly NYAL Cold Sore Cream or Cold Sore Lotion brings relief from irritating cold sores and cracked lips. Both the Cream and the Lotion are specially *medicated* and have a soothing, healing action. The *Cream* keeps the lips soft and supple while it heals the cold sore. The *Lotion* dries up the cold sore until it quickly disappears. Either Cream or Lotion stops the burning, itching sensation instantly. Cream or Lotion, **2/9.**

Nyal COLD SORE CREAM & LOTION

Safe Positive Cough Relief for Baby

Coughs and chest congestion in infants (from six months to five years) vanish quickly when treated with NYAL *'Decongestant' BABY* Cough Elixir. Soothes sore, inflamed tissues of throat and chest; shrinks swollen bronchial tubes, cutting away phlegm and so making breathing easier.
3 fl. oz., **4/-;** 6 fl. oz., **5/9.**



Nyal 'DECONGESTANT' BABY COUGH ELIXIR

Now you can have WHITER TEETH IN 10 DAYS

New NYAL Toothpaste cleans the teeth better than you have ever known before. It gives you the completely clean teeth you expect; gives you stain-free whiteness and added brightness. The secret of the wonderful cleansing action of NYAL Toothpaste lies in the highly activated **dental** detergent which foams instantly, **safely removing dulling film and cigarette stains.**

Smooth texture, and a clean, refreshing peppermint flavour make NYAL Toothpaste the family favourite. Try it soon!



N.6.WW56

CHECK LIST of other dependable winter products

- ☐ **Nyal Chilblain Paint.** C-o-o-l-s and s-o-o-t-h-e-s the burning and itching of irritating chilblains instantly. 3/-.
- ☐ **Nyal Creophos.** A valuable "After-'Flu" and convalescent tonic. 4/9, 7/9, 9/-.
- ☐ **Nyal Quinine 'Flu Mixture.** Wards off attacks of influenza and feverish colds. Reduces high temperatures. 4/9.
- ☐ **Nyal Figsen.** A palatable, chocolate-flavoured, efficient laxative tablet suitable for all ages. Regular or Double Strength. 2/6, 3/9.
- ☐ **Nyal White Lip Salve.** Invisible protection against windburned lips. Assists healing—protects your lips while it soothes them. 2/9.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4924346